THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CV.—No. 1366

FEBRUARY 19, 1930

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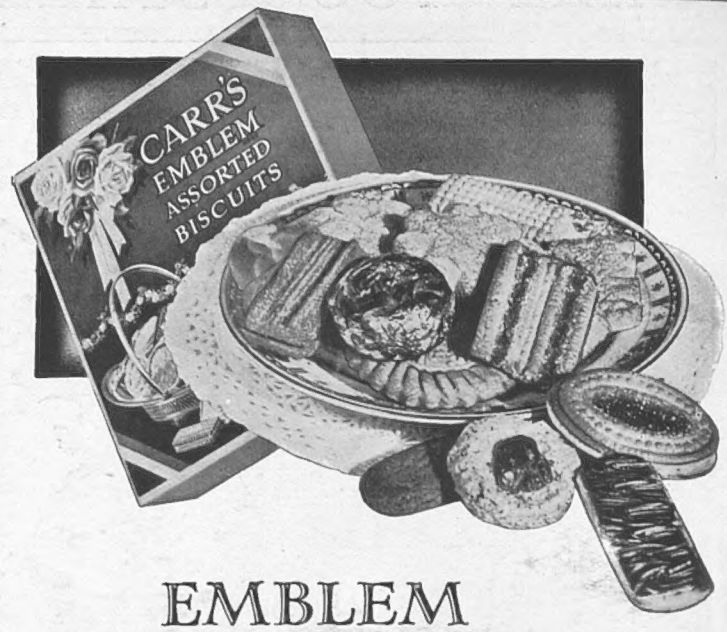

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The Bystander, February 19, 1930

the BYSTANDER

No. 1366. Vol. CV

Cigarini

A new portrait of Miss Desirée Ellinger playing a principal part in "Silver Wings," produced last Friday at the Dominion Theatre. The plot has been taken from the famous story "The Broken Wing," and this new musical comedy has already proved its popularity in the Provinces, and broke all receipt records in Glasgow

GEORGE WHITELAW'S WHO'S ZOO—No. 12

This week's addition to George Whitelaw's Who's Zoo is that Admirable Crichton of the Thespian world, Noel Coward, dramatist, composer and actor. With his latest play, "Bitter Sweet," proving such a red hot success in both London and New York, the fact that he is caricatured in an Arctic setting is not indicative of his productions being a "frost"

The Passing Hour

THE MAHARAJAH OF KAPURTHALA—

The Maharajah of Kapurthala visiting the King of Cambodia, Indo-China, during his world tour. The Maharajah, like most of the Indian princes, is well known in London, where he was last summer

LADY ASTOR gave a reception last Wednesday to the Naval Conference—or, rather, to the delegates thereof. It was an omnium gatherum, as might be expected of this volatile American lady, whose directness of speech is only exceeded by her violent prejudices. Anyway, the Prime Minister, enfiladed by son and daughter, awkward-looking Socialist Ministers and their wives, was the lion of the evening, approached closely by the dapper little French Ambassador, the elegant M. Tardieu and M. Briand. The Hon. Henry Stimson, the chief American delegate, was also lionised (though in truth he has little to say), and among others hovering on the outside ring were the Archbishop of Canterbury, his Brother of London, Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin, Lord and Lady Lloyd, Mr. Rudyard Kipling—whose sardonic sense of humour no doubt stood him in good stead—and among other celebrities on show, "Bend Or," his Grace of Westminster, with his fiancée, upon whom I hear he has made a fabulous settlement.

Keystone View

HOLLAND'S FUTURE QUEEN

Princess Juliana (centre) at Obersdorf, in the Bavarian Alps, where the German Ski Championships were recently held. Her engagement to a German Prince will shortly be announced

NEXT WEEK

Collinson Owen on American Crime
Blanche Elliott on The New Fashions
"Kim" on The Naval Conference

—VISITS CAMBODIA'S MONARCH

Above are seen H.E. M. Lavit, Resident Superior of France, H.M. the Queen of Cambodia, His Highness the Maharajah of Kapurthala, H.M. the King of Cambodia and Madame Lavit

WAS there a skeleton at the feast? With difficulty we have repressed our Political Correspondent, "Kim," this week, who appears to watch the deliberations of the Naval Conference with growing fear and derision. It is said by those who Profess to Know that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is using the Naval Conference as a possible means of going to the country shortly with an election cry of "Down With Armaments," hoping to be able to convince the proletariat that he has saved the nation millions a year in the suppression of the Navy as well as the Army. He believes that any agreement he can come to with the United States will be a winning score in the General Election, which must ensue shortly as the Government is finding its efforts thwarted and killed in every direction.

Burying His Past

WITH the marriage of his youngest daughter yesterday (Tuesday), Sir Edwin

THE PRINCE AS KING NEPTUNE'S BARBER—

Sport and General

Miss France (left) and Miss England (right), who competed in the recent European Beauty Contest, attracted much attention at the first Battle of Flowers on the Riviera this season, held at Cannes

Topical Press

Mrs. Hamish Munro, née Miss Evelyn Colyer, the lawn tennis star, who, after only five weeks' acquaintance, was married last Thursday at Christ Church, Streatham. Her husband is a tea planter of Assam

Landseer Lutyens has now but one unmarried child. His other daughters are Mrs. Evan Wallace, Viscountess Ridley, and now Miss Mary Lutyens has become Mrs. Anthony Sewell. Sir Edwin Lutyens only just arrived back from India in time for the wedding. Sir Edwin is a very popular and entertaining man, witty and susceptible to the pastime of punning, which, it is to be lamented, seems to have fallen completely out of favour. One of the best stories—not a pun—that I have heard is of his reply to a doctor who was making that customary lament of opportunities wasted. They happened to be passing a building for which the architect had been responsible in his earlier years. "Yes," said Sir Edwin Lutyens, "but you have the advantage of being able to bury your failures."

Egyptian Activities

THE Season, writes our Cairo Correspondent, is now in full swing, and every day train-loads of tourists of all nationalities are arriving here from Port Said and Alexandria. The weather is perfection, the sun shining all day without a cloud in the sky; the wind is conspicuous by its absence, and the air is as exhilarating as champagne.

It was such ideal conditions which favoured the Races at Gezira, where the racing was good. Mrs. Spencer Beatty won the Hotels Cup with her pony, Calehill, one of her string of English thoroughbreds which she brought over in the autumn.

Sir Percy Loraine had a big party in his box, and the Earl of Cadogan spent most of his time in the paddock. After the races everyone seemed to adjourn for tea to the Gezira Sporting Club, which is so attractively situated in the midst of the little island which lies between Cairo and Giza, and tea in the East is always very, very welcome.

The Charm of the Desert

ONE of the most popular outings is to have a camp in the desert and go there to spend a day or night as a change from the life of the city. The journey is made by motor cars of every sort and kind, when the modern gives place to the ancient, and one camel-power rides take the place of four- and six-cylinder engines.

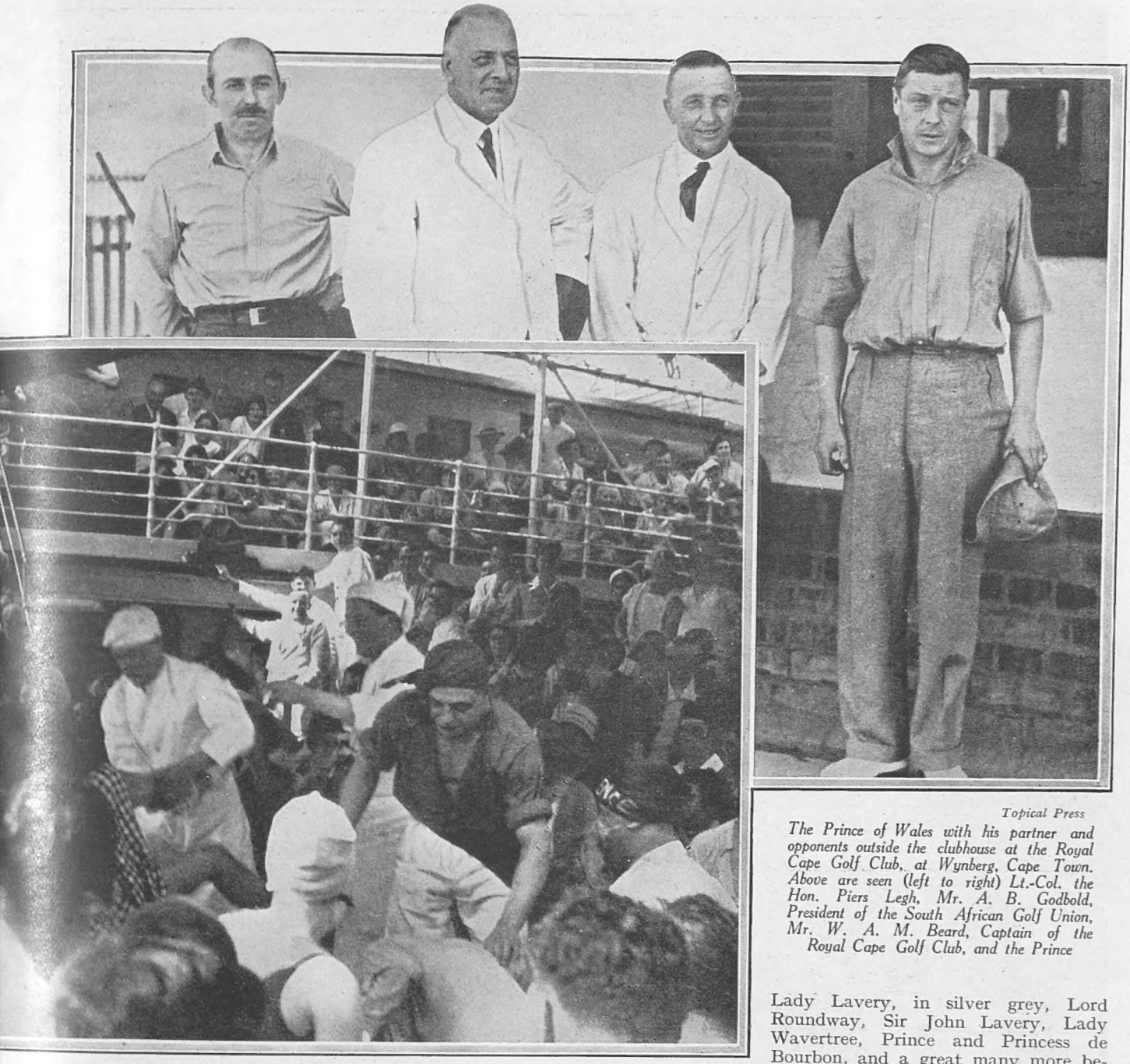
Mr. Dolbey, the well-known surgeon, and his pretty American wife entertain their friends in the desert, and among the recent guests there have been H.R.H. Prince Leopold

Keystone View

A ROYAL HAIRDRESSER

The Prince of Wales took a great delight in his appointment as official barber, but his gentle methods saved his customers from any close shave

"SHAVES" AND DUCKS ALL-COMERS OVER THE LINE



P. and A.

THE PRINCE ENJOYING HIMSELF AS NEPTUNE'S BARBER

When the Kenilworth Castle was "crossing the line" the Prince of Wales acted as barber and joyfully assisted at the time-honoured custom by "shaving" a large number of his fellow passengers, who were afterwards "ducked." He is seen in the centre helping to "duck" both men and girls

Topical Press

The Prince of Wales with his partner and opponents outside the clubhouse at the Royal Cape Golf Club, at Wynberg, Cape Town. Above are seen (left to right) Lt.-Col. the Hon. Piers Legh, Mr. A. B. Godbold, President of the South African Golf Union, Mr. W. A. M. Beard, Captain of the Royal Cape Golf Club, and the Prince

of Bavaria and the Baron de Hellers, both well-known polo players resident in Cairo. Madame du Paravichini, who is tall and graceful, was wearing a peach-coloured coat in a soft, rough material, with a matching crêpe de Chine frock and a fox collar exactly tinted to match, and a scarf of many colours, with blue predominating.

I hear that the King and Queen of the Belgians are coming here on March 10 to stay with King Fuad, and the Prince of Wales is expected early in April, for a few days, on his way home.

Entertainment on the Riviera

THERE have been an innumerable number of good parties just lately, writes our Riviera Correspondent. Sir Arthur Crosfield gave a wonderful luncheon out at Mandelieu Golf Club to nearly fifty of the best-known people in Cannes. They had tables arranged in the shape of a giant horse-shoe and laden with mimosa and fresh violets. Lady Windham (who is a very good golfer) sat next to Sir Arthur, and I saw also M. Vagliano, who had to leave soon after lunch to see his horse run in the second race (for with the lovely weather the course is perfect again, and the racing is on every day).

Lady Lavery, in silver grey, Lord Roundway, Sir John Lavery, Lady Wavertree, Prince and Princess de Bourbon, and a great many more besides, were in the party.

Popular Parties

THE Ambassadeurs Restaurant has been very gay lately, and, amongst other big parties I saw dining there, was one given by Lady Wavertree (who looked her best in a royal blue velvet frock, with a long coat to match and a huge sable collar).

The ex-King and Queen of Portugal (she in pale grey with a lovely grey and silver coat), Constance Duchess of Westminster (looking beautiful in white and silver), Mr. Tilden, and Fräulein Aussem (the German star), were in the party; while another party was given by Sir Gomer Berry, whom I afterwards saw running a very successful "bank" at chemin-de-fer.

In spite of the fact that dancing seems to be having rather a "slump"

PERSONALITIES AT CANNES—THE BATTLE OF FLOWERS

Sport and General

Personalities at Cannes: The Beau-Site Hotel car at the first Battle of Flowers carrying a precious freight (left to right) Miss Gordan, Mrs. Doovey, Miss Lloyd, Miss Joan Ridley and Mrs. "Bobby" Arnold

in England at the moment, it is enjoying great popularity here, and, particularly from five to seven in the afternoons, the floor is always crowded with dancers. One very pretty girl I saw yesterday was Princess Ingrid of Sweden (who is staying with her grandfather, the Duke of Connaught, at Cap Ferrat, and had motored over for the day). She wore a pale green frock and a floppy hat, and was dancing with Mr. "Fred" Scovell, one of the best dancers in Cannes.

Recent Arrivals

A very attractive honeymoon couple who have just arrived are Mr. James and Lady Margaret Drummond Hay, who were married in Salisbury Cathedral a short time ago. They seem very happy, and Lady Margaret (who is a daughter of the Duke of Hamilton) is looking extraordinarily well.

The Marchioness of Cholmondeley and her youngest son have come out to join Lord Cholmondeley at their lovely villa on the Croisette. Like her husband, she is a very keen golfer, and I think will be seen on the golf courses more than on the tennis courts this spring. Lord and Lady Bethell, who with their daughters are at Beaulieu for some time, came over to Cannes one day. I also saw Mr. Somerset Maugham, whose play, *The Circle*, is having a very great success in Nice just now.

Sport and General

Personalities at Cannes: Billy Arnold (right), whose world-famous band bears his name, talking to M. André, owner of the Casinos at Cannes and Deauville, one of the most energetic and best-known public men in France to-day

C. N. Daly

Personalities at Cannes: Mr. W. T. Tilden (left) discussing a tennis match with the Hon. Esmond Harmsworth, Lord Rothermere's son and heir, who, though not so skilful, is equally as keen a player as the ex-champion

Tennis at Cannes

The weather lately has been perfectly lovely at Cannes; after the heavy rain we have had days of hot spring sunshine, with not a breath of wind, so that the flowers are coming out at lightning speed, and the mimosa is one blaze of gold. The sea is calm, with just a light breeze for the sailing enthusiasts, who are all getting very busy for the series of Regattas.

The King of Denmark lost no time in getting on the water, but while he was sailing the Queen, with one of her ladies-in-waiting, came up to see the big international lawn tennis tournament at the Carlton Club, where I saw her clapping heartily and very much enjoying the good play. Afterwards they dined with their suite at the Ambassadeurs Restaurant and then went into the Rooms, where I saw them greeting many friends.

There was great excitement in the lawn tennis world when the famous American, William Tilden (who up to now had won everything he entered for with almost incredible ease), was beaten by one of our young English players, E. C. Peters, who covered himself with glory by winning in two straight sets—a right thrilling match. The Baron de Morpurgo and the Hon. Esmond Harmsworth were also having a very

Champion Irish Wolfhounds exhibited at Cruft's, from Massy (City Marshal of London) photograph

THE POPULARITY of CRUFT'S DOG SHOW

Central Press

Year by year the dog becomes more and more popular, which accounts for the large and increasing crowds at Shows throughout the country. Above is Miss Grainger-Brunt with the Countess of Stradbroke's Australian terriers, Michael and Misery, at Cruft's. This breed was first brought to England from the Antipodes by Lady Stradbroke only a few years ago

Express Photo

ennels of Capt. D. F.
ith Mrs. Massy

The picture at the top shows a general view of the judging at Cruft's Dog Show, held at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, last week. Enormous entries and record crowds distinguished this year's Show

Photographs Express Photos and Sport and General

Another competitor at Cruft's Dog Show. Miss Renie Pugh with her wonderful Borzoi, who answers to the name of Call Boy

L.N.A.

A picture of Lady Weymouth hurrying to the Hunt Ball Meet of the Cottesmore at Stoke Dry

good game; while the Prince and Princesse d'Orleans are two more players who enter all the Cannes tournaments.

Carnival at Nice

NICE is filling up very rapidly now, as the Carnival is almost on us, and the stands are going up on the Promenade des Anglais and in the Place de Massena. Spinelly is having a great success in *L'école des Cocottes*, and at the Palais de la Mediterranée the first night of *Madame Butterfly* brought out a great crowd of music lovers. The King of Sweden and his suite have arrived in the town, and I hear that Mlle. Lenglen will be back from Paris very shortly to visit her home.

The "Championships of the South of France" at the Great Parc Imperial Tennis Club, where there are nearly forty hard courts, attracted a good entry, including Tilden, Baron Morpurgo, Bela von Kerhling, Count Salm, Jan Kozeluh, Fräulein Aussem, Miss Ryan, Miss Ridley, Mrs. Satterthwaite, Baroness Reznicech (the German, player), and a great crowd of others, and, last but not least, the King of Sweden, who never misses a single tournament during the weeks he is in the South of France.

L.N.A.

From left to right: The Earl of Erne, Mrs. James Baird, wife of the Master, and Lady Londonderry enjoying a joke at the Hunt Ball Meet of the Cottesmore

A kill! The Huntsman is seen holding the

Luncheon Gaiety

LUNCHTIME at the Palais de la Mediterranée is always a gay moment to visit this great white palace, and I saw Mrs. Brown Potter in a big party,

Topical Press

Regretfully be it recorded that Miss Joyce Wethered (left) and Miss Cecil Leitch (right), two of the greatest women golfers in the history of the game, are definitely retiring from Championship competitions

RACING HINTS *By "Old Orkney"*

Here are six more horses to add to the list of "Horses to Follow," to be supported each way until they win under National Hunt Rules.

LAVANDE was not placed in the Small Heath Selling Handicap Hurdle (two miles five furlongs). In his previous race at Gatwick was second to John Haig. Support each way.

SHAUN GOILIN was the medium of some extensive wagering and started favourite at 7 to 4 for the Stayers' Handicap Steeplechase (three miles and three furlongs). He finished third to Great Span. Won at Sandown in December.

HER LAST. Well ridden by R. Everett in the Saltley Steeplechase (two miles) at Birmingham; finished second to Feme Salmon in a field of twenty. During the race five horses fell. It will be remembered that she was pulled up in a race at Nottingham in January.

SANDRO attracted considerable attention and was confidently expected to win the Roehampton Handicap Hurdle (two miles) at Hurst Park. Finished third to the smart Go Easy. Was successful at Wolverhampton on Boxing Day.

GROUND SCOUT fell in his race at Birmingham. Had been well backed and started favourite at 6 to 4. Should score an early victory over two miles.

DESERT SHEIK. There was a strong run on this horse for the Long Distance Handicap (two miles and five furlongs) at Birmingham. Was favourite. Finished third to Contraband in a field of twelve.

HERE AND THERE IN THE HUNTING FIELD

Central Press

...ask in a swamp during the meet of the Cowdray Hunt at Burton Park

also Miss Alice Terry, the film star, Spinelly, and Mrs. Cunningham, who had Lady Wyndham at her table. Also among others who were present was the Prince del Drago.

The Sultan of Johore, who has been in Nice for some time, has just gone, but the Prince and Princess Osram Fuad and all their suite have just come for a long visit.

Air Travel's Clipped Wings

It has been pointed out to me, with regard to my comments on the lack of an air service direct from London to Cannes, that during the winter of 1927-28 such a service was operated, but it was found that no regularity could be maintained, as almost invariably heavy ground mists prevented the necessarily early morning departure from Croydon. The Air Union then attempted to circumvent this difficulty by introducing a service from Paris only, but apparently this did not appeal to the English public, for it entailed the long sea crossing at night, and passengers preferred the shorter Channel route in conjunction with the Blue Train, so the only solution was to run an air service to Marseilles connecting with the evening Riviera train. This, of course, involves a wait of two and a half hours at Marseilles, which I still think might be avoided by a seaplane service from there to Antibes or Cannes. They should surely have a number of seaplanes that might be spared from the Antibes-Corsica route.

An Ice Hockey Match

I went out to the magnificent new rink at Golders Green last week to watch Oxford and Cambridge play the all-conquering Canadians. Unfortunately, the Universities could do nothing against the lightning speed and combination of the "Canadas." Afterwards Lord Greenwood made a stimulating speech on behalf of the Royal Empire Society, who entertained the team to supper afterwards.

The £500 "Bystander" Trophy, which this year will be competed for at Moor Park Golf Club on March 19, on which day competitors will be our guests. The event is a handicap fought out between mixed foursomes

Central News

Lady Joan Hope, daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Linlithgow, at a meet of the Linlithgow and Stirlingshire Hounds

Miss Barbara Benn, who is being married to Mr. A. A. Selborne on February 25. Her future husband is a well-known and popular figure in the motor world on the executive of Thorn Motors, Ltd.

OUR EMPIRE

A view in St. Catherine Street, Montreal. With a population of well over 600,000 persons, it is the commercial metropolis, the principal centre of the grain export trade, and the ninth greatest city in the British Empire

"When seventeen Mormon widows proposed to him"

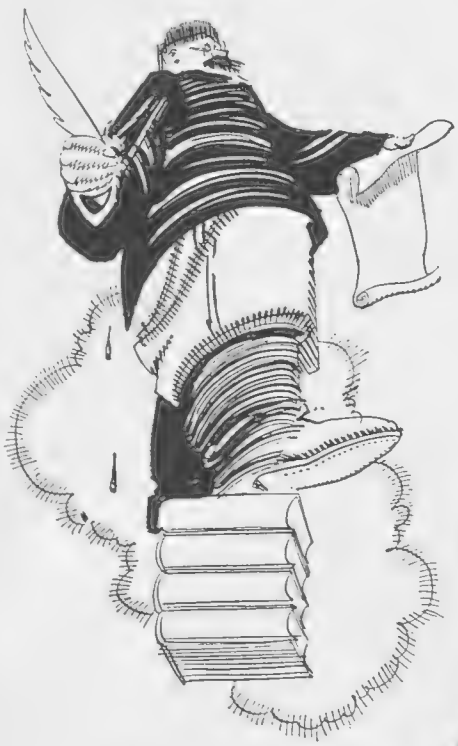
J. A. Hammerton Writes on LITERATURE & LAMBKINS

Decorations by BUD PERMANT

Two kinds of reading matter have an irresistible fascination for me: publishers' advance lists and the "end papers" in books. They attract me for reasons that are different. The spring or autumn catalogues, especially when they contain brief and shamelessly biased descriptions of the books they herald, afford me the delights of anticipation, so often greater than any pleasure the realisation brings. End papers are those selected lists of their wares which all publishers used to bind inside the back covers of their books. To-day too few of them, for my taste, observe this custom. I prefer a book with end papers, having often derived more enjoyment from the contemplation of these than from the book itself. Yet they are at times melancholy reading: at best they exhale a sweet sadness, as one notes the old familiar names of writers whose fame has long since vanished with their own disappearance from this scene, or, sadder still, had been extinguished while they still survived.

SPRING lists of to-day are the "end papers" of to-morrow. A number of these alluring advance catalogues have come to my desk during the last few days, and I must admit that the younger publishers show most taste in their presentation. Jonathan Cape's has a charming design in blue with romping lambkins and quaint trees. Victor Gollancz's, in a primrose wrapper, is a joy to look at this dull day. Ernest Benn's aims at a certain austerity, suggestive of a bleak day on the downs, but not distant from spring for all that, while the running Borzois on Knopf's catalogue may symbolise the hounds of spring—more by accident than design, I suspect.

FROM a study of these and other lists the chief promise of Spring is a continued liveliness in foreign stocks. I would suggest to some of our less successful authors that they take a leaf from the theatrical profession and write their new novels and biographies as translations from the German, Russian or Czecho-Slovakian. That is the vogue of the moment. Any "tripe" (to use the immortal epithet of Barrie's "Penny") that bears a foreign author's name is sure of a British welcome just now. I read "Siberian Garrison," by a Hungarian named Rodion Markovits, the other day on the assurance of a newspaper that had paid some fancy price for the serial rights, that it was "the greatest story of our time." Though far removed indeed from the category of "tripe," I found it merely a well-written, mildly humorous piece of war reporting, not greatly above the average correspondent's stuff of 1914-1918, and certainly no better than most of the war writing of Philip Gibbs. In a few months we shall see this foolish adulation of belated alien war reporters end as suddenly as it started.



"The foolish adulation of belated alien war reporters"

BIOGRAPHY, which has attained to "boom" proportions in America, possibly because that notable scholar, Gene Tunney, allowed it to be known that it was his favourite form of reading, will still be going strong when the buds are unfolding on the apple trees. Shane Leslie's "Memoir of J. E. C. Bodley" is announced by Cape. Bodley's reputation as the most erudite of modern writers on the life and history of France will doubtless survive in some pale ghostly way for a time, and the fact that he was the only Englishman honoured by election to the Institute will be remembered here and there. Fortunately Bodley enjoyed a good conceit of himself when he was alive. A few years before his death he wrote

E.N.A.

A new portrait of Maxim S. Gorky, the famous Russian author. He is now writing a novel entitled "Bystander," dealing with the Russian Intelligentsia before the Revolution

A NEW BOOK BY MAXIM GORKY

a short article for a work I was editing and received a reasonable fee. He afterwards said that so many persons had spoken in praise of his article that he was sure it had greatly increased the sale of the publication, and suggested that he should have a penny per copy royalty. I pointed out that this meant more than £400, that his contribution occupied one-ninth of the number, which had circulated less than any one of the preceding numbers, and like Artemus Ward when the seventeen Mormon widows proposed to him, "I begged to decline." The ingenuous vanity of authors is an endless theme.

ANOTHER of Jonathan Cape's announcements should interest my readers. It is the first of a trilogy by Maxim Gorky, entitled "Bystander," in which, in the form of fiction, he is depicting the life of the Russian intelligentsia from the assassination of Alexander II until the present day. This volume brings his story down to the coronation of the last Czar. As an old admirer of Gorky's genius I can say that here is welcome news for the lambing season. But I have discovered that a publisher can warn you off as well as allure you by crying up his wares. Thus Gollancz in his most attractive catalogue, wherein are many good things, tells me so much about one new novel he is producing next month that I shall waste no time in reading it. Its title is "Wanton Boys," one of its chief characters is the Baroness Pisch, "a lady with a splendid record of fantastic entertainments and menageries," and two others are Mr. Pleyenbotham and Mr. Penbuttocke, "that brilliant if odd pair of playwrights." I can see the leering smirk in the author's eye when he invented these names. And, guessing the rest, I can take it as read. For Humbert Wolfe's new book of poetry from the same most catholic publisher, however, I shall be on the alert. It is to be called "The Uncelestial City."

As is well known, the advent of Spring in the world of literature is always marked by a series of lists from different publishers. In this article Mr. J. A. Hammerton, in his entertaining style, by now familiar to all our readers, deals with the probable merits of some of the forthcoming publications. To present the interesting and personal aspect of literature is the aim of Mr. Hammerton

QUITE a number of our publishers, by the way, are issuing expensive limited editions of their new books for those commercially minded persons who hope to acquire copies of rare editions and sell them later on at a premium. More often, I am pleased to say, they have the chagrin of seeing them in a year or two quoted at a heavy discount. This first edition craze was at its height in America before the Wall Street crash. Some time ago an American bookseller, to my knowledge, had an order from a client to collect at all costs a complete set of Dickens's first editions. He carried out his instruction, reported his success, got his cheque, and asked when he was to deliver the books. The purchaser telephoned him: "Say, about these Dickens volumes, you just stick 'em somewheres in your cellar till I tell you whenna sell 'em." I wonder if they are still in the cellar. A charming English writer told me two or three years back that his early editions were fetching higher prices per volume in America than he could get from any London publisher for writing a new book. A fact. On the whole, I feel rather cold to those who speculate in rare editions.

"There is so much good stuff in print waiting to be read"

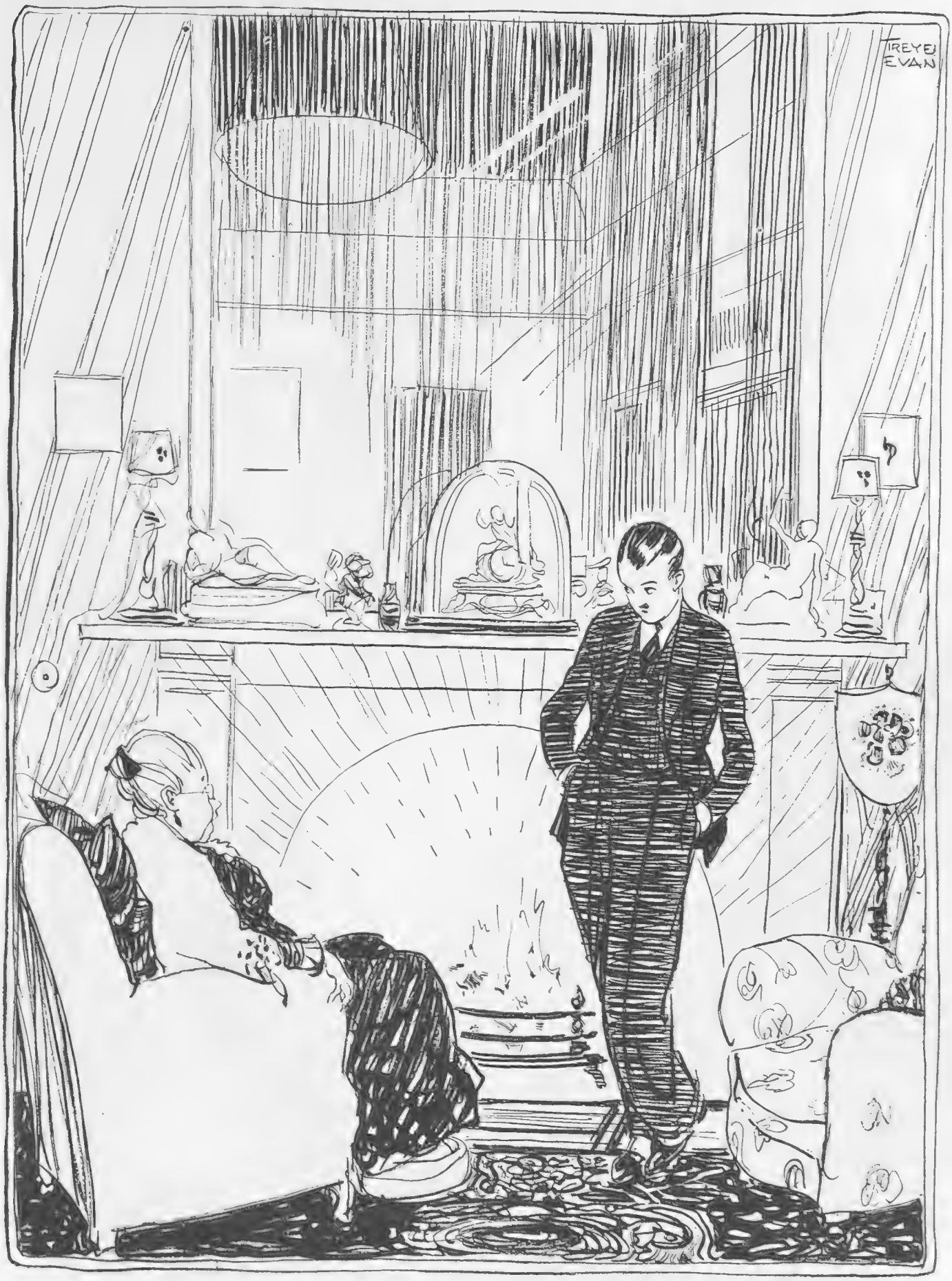
IN Benn's list it is still biography that attracts: Sir Charles Mallet's "Mr. Lloyd George: A Study" (what distinctive value has the "Mr."?), Sir Edward Parry's "Queen Carolina," Hilaire Belloc's "Richelieu" (which cannot fail to be engagingly provocative), Capt. Liddell-Hart's "Sherman," Sir Frank Benson's "My Memoirs," and others. I note that this enterprising house differentiates between fiction and detective stories, the latter being catalogued as "thrillers." But their writers, I expect, will still prefer to call themselves novelists rather than "thrillerists."

AN oddly assorted lot of books is promised by Knopf, the vigorous American publisher, Joseph Hergesheimer's new novel, "The Party Dress." being the star item in his list of fiction. I liked that full-blooded novelist's "Java Head" and "The Bright Shawl," but I have just looked at his "Tampico" which, for at least two years, has been standing among the books I have not finished reading. I seem to have stuck about the fiftieth page, and remember only that it impressed me as the conventionalised type of new American fiction, with the atmosphere of a cinema story. There is so much good stuff in print waiting to be read that I refuse to keep company with any characters for whom their creator has not secured my attention in his first fifty pages.

TO the literary man the most attractive of all the biographies now appearing is the concluding volume of that noble life of her husband which Mrs. Thomas Hardy has just completed. It will be published by Macmillan next month.

J. A. Hammerton

"They will still prefer to call themselves 'novelists' rather than 'thrillerists'"



BY TREYER EVANS

FOND AUNT: "*Surely that is very little remuneration for an officer in the Army to receive—but I suppose you put up your prices when there's a war on?*"

AT THE PLAY

A MODERN MONTE CRISTO and an ANCIENT

"HONOURS EASY," AT THE ST. MARTIN'S THEATRE

Sir Henry Markham, Bt. (Allan Aynesworth), a sympathetic Semite, engaged in a battle of wits with William Barton (Norman McKinnel), a crusty Christian

"Honours Easy," at the St. Martin's Theatre

WHEN once one wanders from the path of rectitude unpleasant things are likely to happen. Many of us learnt this in our youth at our mother's—and over our father's—knee, but later on in life the horrid warning is forgotten. Young Harry Markham failed to profit by his early lesson when he fixed up an appointment with a married lady at dead of night at an hotel in Esher, even though—as is usual in such circumstances—the curtain does not have to descend at a most exciting moment in a scene between the two.

FOR though Harry Markham kept his troth with the lady, he did so with the best of motives. It was obviously impossible to cut the appointment, but when he arrived on the bedroom scene he merely explained to the lady that their meeting was on a platonic plane, for Harry had just become engaged, and fiancées are such exacting creatures!

HAD Harry not had bad luck and been able to telephone the lady instead of visiting her under such compromising circumstances he would have acted more wisely, but such wariness would also have done much to spoil Roland Pertwee's new play, *Honours Easy*, produced at the St. Martin's Theatre; for Harry Markham thus finds himself a pawn in the game of revenge played upon his father by a certain Mr. William Barton.

TO explain this we must have a throw-back so popular in the picture-palace world. Years ago, in South Africa, William Barton forged the name of his employer, Henry Markheim, to a cheque. Unfortunately for Barton the fraud was discovered, but Markheim said and did nothing, hoping for a confession. This failed to eventuate, but after a course of years Barton asked for a testimonial to find him a job in another firm, and Markheim refused to give it. Really and truly Barton had no right to be peeved, but he was, and nursed revenge—almost like Monte Cristo—even though he made good and became a famous art dealer in Bond Street.

BARTON is quite overcome with joy when he discovers that his secretary proposes to burgle the Bond Street safe, for the reason that suspicion for the loss of 650 golden goblins will be cast on his assistant who—shall I add?—is none other than Markheim's (now Sir Henry Markham) son. Barton will immediately sack Harry Markham for a theft he did *not* commit, and cause pain and grief to that young man's papa. Revenge is sweet!

BUT this particular piece of dirty work fails to have the desired effect. Sir Henry is convinced of his son's innocence, especially as the latter will not give proof of an alibi, and the question, at the moment, as to where the young man was between 6 p.m. and 1 a.m. on that fatal night is left unanswered. But Barton also learns about the visit Master Harry paid to the lady at the hotel at Esher, and thus finds another weapon ready to his hand. He will make things most unpleasant for all concerned by informing Harry's fiancée.

REALLY, Barton was most unlucky, for even this weapon cannot be used, for the lady in that Esher bedroom was none other than Barton's wife, which goes to prove that if you are a person who (*a*) forges a cheque in your youth and (*b*) become indignant and vindictive because, when the fraud is discovered, you are not prosecuted, the best thing you can do is to sit tight and not attempt to get your own back on a man who has really treated you quite decently.

Mrs. Barton (Diana Wynyard), a naughty wife, regards with amusement husband's right-hand man, to sell a very modern n

MONSTER By Vernon Woodhouse

Sketches of "Honours Easy," at the St. Martin's Theatre, by H. H. HARRIS

THE two principal characters in this amusing and interesting play, Barton and Sir Henry Markham, are a fine contrast as presented by Norman McKinnel and Allan Aynesworth. The former, though at his dourest, manages to enlist some sympathy, while the latter never overdraws the characteristics of a kindly Jew. Robert Holmes is excellent as young Harry; Ann Todd is a thoroughly satisfactory fiancée; and Diana Wynyard, as the naughty Mrs. Barton (the best observed character in the play), looks beautiful and plays beautifully.

"Frankenstein," at the Little Theatre

THE Little Theatre is itself again! Redecorated and with the auditorium as bright as a new pin, the play presented is a fine contrast, being as bloodcurdling as anything seen on these boards even in its Grandest Guignol days. *Frankenstein*—that thoroughly unreadable novel—has been greatly improved by being made into a play by Peggy Webling, and should cause shudders down the spine of the most hardened sensation hunter.

AND what I like best about this play is that it stresses a very sound moral, which is that it is a far, far better thing to become the creator of offspring in the usual way rather than by dabbling with the occult, and by spells and potions instil life into inert matter!

WHAT always puzzled me was why the scientific young Henry Frankenstein, while he was about it, did not choose something more attractive than a monster to endow with life, but that was the story told by Mary Woolstonecraft Shelley, and Peggy Webling has not departed from the original. Consequently our first shock comes when the Monster — who has been given the same name as his creator — makes his appearance. He's a nasty, messy, mumbling creature with thick lips and no manners, and it comes as a relief at the end of the play to find a convenient thunderbolt putting an end to his horrid existence. What would have happened if he had escaped and dashed down the Adelphi into the Strand I tremble to think!

AS it was, the audience almost felt impelled to fly from the theatre, and I believe that during the intervals brandy was sold in vast quantities. I would in all humility suggest that some form of pomatum should also be provided in the cloak-rooms in order that one could have the opportuuity of leaving the theatre without one's hair standing straight on end!

TWO performances were of genuine merit. Hamilton Deane made a horrid picture of the Monster, and Henry Hallatt, as his creator, who is eventually strangled by his offspring, played with both conviction and power. This play should attract every lover of horrors, for shudders work out at about seven for sixpence!

the successful effort of Harry Markham (Robert Holmes) her to Colonel Bagnall (Morton Selten)

A love scene à la mode. Harry Markham (Robert Holmes) receiving verbal castigation from Ann Winter (Ann Todd) for not proposing to her for the second time of asking

"Almost a Honeymoon," at the Garrick Theatre

TO see *Almost a Honeymoon*, by Walter Ellis, at the Garrick Theatre, is just like passing an evening amongst old friends. Here, once again, we meet the gentleman's gentleman able to cope with any emergency; here is the hero on whom writs fall like leaves in Vallambrosa, and who drowns his sorrows in the flowing bowl; here is the attractive widow with whom he has had an entanglement, as well as those stock figures, the stage solicitor, the priceless ass, and the pretty heroine for whom the hero falls.

AND these dear old friends go through all the dear old antics which are expected of them, including a scene in the inevitable bedroom where hero and heroine innocently pass the night together—in twin beds, be it added. This play received a most cordial welcome.

V. W.

"STARS" BY DAY AND BY NIGHT

A merry party enjoying some light refreshment at the New College and Magdalen Point-to-Point Steeplechases, which took place last week at Oddington, near Islip

L.N.A.

L.N.A.

The chorus of the Wimbledon Conservatoire Amateur Operatic and Dramatic Society, who recently presented "The Gondoliers"

Sport and General

Some of the enormous crowd that were present at the start of the Pioneer run of the Old Crocks motor cycles. This event, run from Croydon to Brighton, was very popular and attracted thousands of spectators

IN these four photographs of sporting and social events reproduced on this page are five persons selected haphazard round whose head a star has been placed. The Editor will have great pleasure in sending to each of these a guinea as the penalty of being "starred" if they will kindly send him their names and addresses. Their identity should be verified by two friends, who need only sign the application and give their addresses. Applications should be made within a week of publication except in the case of photographs taken abroad

A group of enthusiasts on the ice rink at Splugen, near Grisons. Although not very well known, this is a splendid resort for Winter Sports. It is situated near the source of the Rhine and is en route from Choire to St. Moritz

An Engagement and a Marriage

Lady Lettice Lygon, the eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess Beauchamp, whose engagement to Mr. G. Cotterell, only son of Sir John Cotterell, of Garnons, Hereford, has recently been announced. Lady Lettice has attended so many of her friends at their weddings that she is constantly referred to as "Society's Greatest Bridesmaid"

Lady Abdy, formerly Lady Diana Bridgeman, the eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Bradford, recently married at the Princes Row Register Office to Sir Robert Abdy, Bart., the art expert. The sudden wedding took all her friends by surprise, as the engagement was only announced three days previously

Photographs *Hugh Cecil*

if gossip we

ONE of the pressing problems, both for those with plenty to do as well as for those with nothing whatever to do, is the way of passing the hour between six and seven p.m. Private cocktail parties are slightly on the wane, and though one whisky and soda is good enough at that time, two are not. Nash's, the extremely desirable "mixed" club in Savile Row, which sprang up from the ashes of Master's, have hit on the idea of having a sort of mild cabaret entertainment—that clever Anglo-French girl Miss De Nys (who returns shortly to the Café de Paris) at the piano, with a couple of vocalists. The result is that members and others are flocking there, and Frank Covell and "Tommy" Graves look healthier and happier than ever. I believe this is the first time the possible usefulness of the only unoccupied hour between midday and midnight has been realised. The entertainment never obtrudes and has a pleasantly informal touch about it; for instance, young Rowland Leigh was there the other evening, and came along with a few ad hoc (or, rather, ad cocktail) verses. Nash's might be described as a sort of annexe to Buck's, with ladies allowed as both guests and members, and it is certainly a very long way from being a "tag-rag and bobtail" spot.

Stage Photo Co.

Hero and heroine in "Silver Wings," at the Dominion Theatre. Harry Welchman carrying off Desirée Ellinger, who appears none too distressed by the abduction

Stage Photo Co.

A Broth of a Buoy! Ella Logan, one of the clever company of fun-makers in "Darling, I Love You," at the Gaiety Theatre

THE all-men cast of *Journey's End* and the all-women cast of *Nine to Six* gathered, talking of cocktails, to drink some of them, pull a tug-o'-war, be photographed, and so forth, on the stage of the Apollo Theatre between the matinées and the evening show. The former were very, very masculine and the latter very, very feminine, and, in addition, there were present at the party some dear, silly little things (as Barrie writes of the fairies in *Peter Pan*) who didn't quite know *what* they were. The

By Frank Whitburn

"He said you'd got lots of wit"
"The beast! I thought he said lots of 'IT'!"

must

next step I would suggest with regard to these two plays is that there should be a performance of *Journey's End* by the ladies of *Nine to Six* and another performance of *Nine to Six* by the men of *Journey's End!* Mrs. C. B. Cochran, who is presenting the all-women play (I believe she has a husband who has something to do with the show business!), was looking quite managerial on this occasion. She had just come back from a holiday at Las Palmas, a place she did *not* like.

By Platford

"Funny how love's been the same throughout the ages."
"What do you know about it?"
"Why, even a Grecian flapper listened to a lyre"

S

Kay Hammond—it's Miss Kay Hammond, and no relation to Aubrey—is one of the very bright and still more particular stars of *Nine to Six*. There were two awfully nice drawings of her in The Bystander last week. I found myself listening to tones of amusing petulance. They came from somewhere beneath a mop of blonde hair and explained that the owner had had elocution lessons and that everybody still laughs about her voice, and what is she going to do about it? Oh, Kay, don't worry! People can hear what you say, and you have a humorous personality, and those are assets worth a good deal more than correct elocution on what, thank heaven, Miss Kay does not call the "stedge." She is, by the way, a daughter of that excellent actor, Sir Guy Standing (he was knighted for some Naval Intelligence job in the War) and a granddaughter of a fine old player of the old school—Herbert Standing.

S

Sir Sefton Brancker as a limelight man was a new experience a couple of days later. Repertory players are not nearly so "repertorial" as one might imagine. Get 'em going after a good dinner and a glass or two of wine and they forget all about Tchekov. After speeches from Basil Dean, the ever-brilliant Irene Vanbrugh and others, the strains of "Singing in the Rain," "Painting the clouds with sunshine," and other thoroughly lowbrow ditties were heard, with the usual results, what time Sir Sefton was up in the air, more or less, directing with his own hands "spotlights" on the dancers.

I liked Fred Duprez's description in the course of the evening of the Garrick Theatre as a gift sent by Heaven to professional sign-writers.

S

I find that my criticisms of too much cabaret have evoked a response in several quarters. One appreciates the good intentions and enterprise of restaurant proprietors, but they must not allow cabaret performers to get too big for their boots—that is, if they

SECONDS OUT

"One hopes that the recent display of fisticuffs in the South African Parliament will not be imitated in the Mother of Parliaments"—A Sunday newspaper (*Sunday Dispatch*).

Mere verbal scrapping in the House
May please the man who's not the nous
To "tap the claret" of M.P.s
With whom he strongly disagrees,
But wordy warfare seems to be
Both slow and dull to a degree,
And far too many orators
Are nothing but confounded bores.

A spectacle which could not fail
To make the very bravest quail
Would be the sight of Thomas Shaw,
Our gallant Minister for War,
Engaged in dealing hefty blows
On Lord Hugh Cecil's classic nose,
Whilst Winston tried to land a smack
Upon the cheek of Ramsay Mac.

Yes, if they'd settle their affairs
By thrashing matters out in pairs
They'd get the House's business through
In but a little hour or two;
And I am certain, what is more,
The man who'd prove the conqueror
Is he who had the common sense
To use a "Safeguard" for defence!

B. W.

Raphael

PLAYTIME AT THE PICCADILLY

These three young people are the two hostesses and the host in the Piccadilly Restaurant, who all dance perfectly and are delighted to partner visitors to that popular rendezvous. From left to right they are Miss Enid Brock, Mr. Jack Pennington and Miss Peggy Powley

H I T T I N G B E L O W T H E B E L T

ever wear such adjuncts. And having criticised one restaurant, I must now praise another, the Piccadilly Louis XIV Restaurant to wit. The Piccadilly has everything to recommend it that a visitor can desire. The service, the menu—you get a 12s. 6d. supper unsurpassed in London—the decorations and lighting, the floor and the dance music. Sid Bright and his new Piccadilly Players' Orchestra dressed in white play the most seductive dance music and plenty of it, which is the reason why this orchestra is so often invited to broadcast. The Piccadilly Cabaret is good and not exhausting. Last week the Spanish dancers Haryta and Enrique were followed by the Greenlee and Drayton Quartette, two men and two girls who call themselves "The Coloured Aristocrats," who sing and dance with the utmost gaiety and activity without being unpleasant. Why should we have to listen to coloured folks singing unpleasant ditties? If we like that sort of thing, do let's have it from those with white skins and not a sort of stale edition of Harlem, the negro quarter of New York.

By Starr Wood

"I've called to take out the old geyser"
"She's away for the week-end, and her husband as well"

I BELIEVE that far too high prices are paid for cabaret performers, and that these prices cripple many a restaurant without bringing in the guests. Sophie Tucker is a draw, so is Rex Evans, but not many more. Anyway, the Piccadilly management does not leave you in darkness or stop the service whilst the cabaret performs, so it's all thrown in, as it were, at the price. I advise my readers to try this hotel, either for dinner or supper, for it has everything in its favour, including moderate charges. Thursday is its late night, when favours are distributed. Elsewhere we publish a portrait of Miss Peggy Powley, Miss Enid Brock and Mr. Jack Pennington, who are the dance hostesses and host, entirely at your service.

OUR inimitable Labour organ, having glibly announced that one cannot fight under Queensberry Rules when wrestling with the Devil (the Devil being, of course, political opponents!), proceeds to fight as low down a game as ever I have seen in journalism. Here is one bright little instance. Three young brutes (political creed quite unspecified), having been punished for loathsome cruelty to a cat, an article is published, written by a regular member of the staff, in which the prisoners are alluded to as "Empire Crusaders." If the justification pleaded is that any stick will do with which to hit Lord Beaverbrook, I don't think much of it. If, as is most likely, it is considered to be a subtle joke of some sort, I suggest that you can't get humour out of cruelty to animals, and that in any event it is not even mildly funny to tack political labels you don't happen to like on to undesirable characters without any evidence that they are entitled to them.

Earl Howe, President of the British Racing Drivers' Club, the racing motorist, seen on left, for the best performance Park Lane Hotel. Mr. Kaye Don will shortly attempt to

EVEN more flagrantly dishonest is this organ's attitude towards the Pope's letter of protest against the religious persecution in Russia. Mr. Arthur Henderson, in the House of Commons, dodges questions on this issue, and looks pretty uncomfortable about it. The journal that supports him goes farther than that, and contrives to give its readers the suggestion that there is no such persecution, and that the Pope is merely a busy-body.

Mabel Russell (Mrs. Hilton Philipson) actress, in a sketch called "Squibs," Gerald Ames, on the left, the boy in a bout

AMERICA'S LITTLE NAVAL PROGRAMME

Planet News

giving ... glad hand and the Club Trophy to Mr. Kaye Don, ... of the ..., at the Club's annual dinner and dance at the ... break ... world's speed record on Daytona Beach, Florida

"The Pope attacks Russia" is its headline (His Holiness was not, of course, doing anything of the sort) and it talks of "alleged" persecution with the implication that Christianity is not being attacked in Russia at all—which it knows to be untrue. What I find so quaint is that Labour Members (that well-known journalist, Miss Ellen Wilkinson, for instance, who said she did not believe in the murder of White Russian officers because Red Russians denied the story) will always take the Soviet's word when something unpleasant is denied, but will not take it when something unpleasant is admitted. The Russian Bolshevist Press, controlled by the Soviet, has, time after time, admitted and gloried in the murder of priests and the efforts to stamp out religion altogether.

L.N.A.

no longer an M.P., but still an excellent ... produced at the Palladium last week. ... swordsman on the stage, here indulges ... verbal fencing

I MARVEL at the forbearance, courtesy and broad-mindedness of the Anti-Socialists towards those who, being Socialists, use the word "comrade" and exercise loving-kindness (more or less) only to those who are of their own way of thinking. The "Capitalist" Press is thrown open to those who preach the destruction of Capitalism and breathe spite against all in any way connected with it; the aforesaid Miss Wilkinson must make quite a tidy income out of newspapers run by her political opponents. Londonderry House, the last stronghold of Conservatism, is thrown open for the performance there of part of an opera by Rutland Boughton, who is so "Left" that he is virtually a Communist, with Socialists in plenty to listen to it.

Janet Jevons

Diana Wynyard, the clever young actress who has made a hit in "Honours Easy," at the St. Martin's Theatre. A review of the play appears on page 374

THIS is an excellent plan. Lady Londonderry is a charming woman, and her party was a success, though the Boughton music was so dull that it did its little bit in the way of anti-Socialist propaganda. But I would ask this: What Socialist house would be thrown open in order to give a leg-up to something written by an ardent Tory? What Conservative peer has ever been invited to write for the *Daily Herald*, which will not even publish letters that do not give it a pat on the back and say how wonderful it is?

THE outcome of the Naval Conference, if it continues to go the way it is going, may not give Mr. Ramsay MacDonald the kudos he seems to expect. The reduced Government poll at Brightside may or may not have been an indication, though I think it was. But this I do know—that the country at large will not tolerate the sacrifice of the British Navy on the altar of political expediency. It may be as well to remind our readers that President Hoover himself, in his message to Congress last December, declared that *if the London Conference fails* "the American Government will inaugurate additional expenditure of 1,200,000,000 dollars on new naval construction alone." With this must be taken into consideration the fact that (the figures, etc., are again those of Hoover) the American Air Force has hugely increased, that America is this year spending 730 million dollars on its Army and Navy, compared with 267 million dollars in 1914, and that the total U.S. expenditure for these purposes to-day *exceeds those of the most highly militarised nations in the world.*

HIGH SPOTS IN THE PARIS COLLECTIONS

By Blanche B. Elliott

EVERYONE is agog with excitement and can talk of nothing but clothes in Paris now the big collections are being shown. The dress world is here—every corner of it—with his head buyer, to see Paris reassert herself to maintain her pre-eminence as its fashion leader. And the task is no easy one. Since the launching of the new styles in August last year—heralded by THE BYSTANDER of early September—the following months have been a time of getting into the saddle, so to speak. The beginning of 1930 sees a confirmation of the new revolutionary styles then proclaimed—exactly one hundred years after the very definite fashion epoch of 1830. Of this Monsieur Lucien Lelong reminds us in his interesting little Foreword. He also claims 1930 to be the "key" year in the entire realm of art, and particularly in the art of dress. Clothes are now created to define the hours and suit the changing needs of our most varied existence. This is evident even to the changing skirt lengths for different purposes. Our wardrobes range from beach pyjamas to the most exotic of formal evening gowns, and with these increasing complications our choice must grow more eclectic. There is, too, the return of the formal afternoon frock—to which, by the way, is now added the informal afternoon frock. The evening gown is different from the dance dress. Clothes and the niceties of dress will need a closer study than the post-War generation has yet given them. It is getting all the thrills from the new long skirts that its short locks denied it in "putting its hair up."

THUS the new modes have come to stay with, in Patou's words, "la vitalité et la turbulence d'un organisme jeune et plein de force." One has not fully realised how deeply the big couturiers disliked and resented what Patou called "la mode morte" of la robe chemise, referring to it as "pauvre robe et robe pauvre." Now la haute couture again has something worthy of its skill, powers of invention and design with the greater scope that the exigencies of the life of modern woman demand.

THE American buyers are the early worms who are admitted first into the showrooms, and those amongst us who are diligently "taking notes," a trifle later. When it comes to the *third* collection in one day—somewhere between 9 and 10 p.m., which goes on till 1 a.m. or later—one peevishly begins to hate other people who smoke, wish to heaven someone would open a window, try to believe one isn't squinting, and that there are some points about chewing gum after all!

NEVERTHELESS, the frocks are worth it, and they are a dream! There is a greater movement in them, a more flowing line, a splendid fullness about the hem. On the whole they are generally *off* the ground for evening wear, as a tribute to dancing, which, incidentally, is said to be going out. The train is still with us with its touch of grandeur, but more occasionally, Patou being most faithful; having launched the fashion. Molyneux relegates it more to the négligée or "hostess gowns," to use an Americanism adopted by Paris, when one can presumably trail in picturesque peace without clumsy people treading on it or dancers getting tied up in it. But skirts are really longer all round. Even the sports or walking skirt is well below the knees—but they can always go up a bit according to individual requirements.

COATS accompany every type of frock—they are just an integral part of one's outfit. Many houses have launched the cape, and it is particularly attractive in its newest version of fichu or shawl cape. Augusta-bernard does some especially charming examples for evening wear, they are gathered up into a bunchy Russian blouse effect—one peach-coloured velvet being bound with a swirl of silver fox with its head pointing upwards. They are most shawlesque when in heavy crêpe trimmed with fringe, which trimming has incidentally come right back into favour and is shown by most houses.

EVENING gowns seem to divided themselves into soft, frilly, fluffy things, glorious smooth taffetas, wisps of flowered or plain chiffon lace net, or firmly tailored silks or satins. One can dress to one's type, and the choice was never so varied. For sports wear the new lightweight tweeds are easily first. They range in an amazing variety, many in a featherweight quality that has rather ousted the jersey or stockinette, just as so many manufacturers have got into their stride with this material and produced it in excess. Sweaters are rare and mostly tuck in. Cardigans, often sleeveless and belted, are sometimes seen in soft knitted qualities. Schiaparelli uses tricot for some very original bathing outfits she has created, which gives it another avenue of endeavour to those who may feel thwarted. There are innumerable little one-piece frocks, some with short coats—or long or semi-bolero effects. Quite enchanting in colour design and often complicated in cut, they are a welcome addition to one's wardrobe. With detachable little capes, pelerines or coatees, they make adorable street suits particularly becoming to slim English figures.

Every evening frock has its accompanying coat of short or threequarter length. This ensemble in white satin shows a caped coat with draped collar and tie ends

Model Lucile Paray

Sketched for THE BYSTANDER *in Paris*

WITH regard to hats, here again there is great variety. Molyneux used much baku and bangkok straws which, though naturally stiff, are pleated and turned back and twisted in the manner of felts. Bérets continue in suggestion rather than fact, and close-fitting hats are in a new open-crocheted straw. There are many new straws, coarse and shiny, also the very fine ones. Patou has definitely launched the very wide-brimmed hat of which Scaioni photographs a very lovely example on the opposite page.

AT the leading milliners there is a strong feeling for the bonnet, and many examples of this demure style are being shown for Spring. But everywhere it is the capeline that is seen which so fittingly accompanies the long and frilly frock.

PARIS SECRETS

Miss Blanche Elliott, our Paris Dress Correspondent, in this article gives her readers a first-glimpse indication of the new season's styles as shown by la Haute Couture. Next week Miss Elliott will deal with the varied aspects of la mode as interpreted by the leading Paris Houses. We shall continue to publish exclusive photographs by Scaioni, of Paris.

A lovely herald of Summer is this wide-brimmed hat of fine straw in palest yellow. The widths of straw are piped with a narrow line of black ribbon which also encircles the crown. Lifted off the forehead it frames the face with an aureole of beauty and accompanies the formal afternoon frock. Model Jean Patou

On your dressing table- the four easy aids to skin beauty

The cultivation of a beautiful skin can be inexpensive both of time and money. A few minutes a day devoted to Pond's "Complete Method of Skin Care" is all that is needed to make and keep the skin smooth and fine and the complexion clear and colourful. First a generous application of *Pond's Cold Cream* to cleanse deep down into the pores and to rid the skin of those hidden impurities which mar its clear freshness. For removing the soiled cream use *Pond's Cleansing Tissues*, soft and absorbent as old linen. They are discarded after use. After cleansing, brace the skin and close the pores with *Pond's Skin Freshener*, whose exhilarating action imparts to the skin a glorious sense of open-air freshness. Finally — unless you are going to bed — a touch of *Pond's Vanishing Cream* will give your skin a delicate peach-like bloom, form a reliable base for your powder, and ensure complete protection against the rigours of the weather.

If you would like to try these preparations, send 6d. to Pond's Extract Co. (Dept. 70), 103 St. John Street, London, E.C.1, for a dainty box containing samples of all four, and complete instructions.

Pond's Cold Cream, Opal Jars 5/-, 2/6 and 1/3. Tubes 2/6, 1/- and 6d.
Pond's Cleansing Tissues, per Box 2/-, 1/3 and 9d.
Pond's Skin Freshener, per Bottle 5/6, 3/- and 1/-.
Pond's Vanishing Cream, Opal Jars 2/6 and 1/3. Tubes 1/- and 6d.

POND'S

COLD CREAM, CLEANSING TISSUES
SKIN FRESHENER, VANISHING CREAM

BY C. FARLEY

FIGURES THAT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES

THE OLD-TIM

Great-grandfather had nothing like the modern sporting gun,
He used a muzzle-loader with a nasty mulish kick,
But he loved to chance his luck
With a hare or strong-winged duck,
And he very seldom failed to do the trick.

BY A. K. MACDONALD

ME SPORTSMAN

Great-grandfather was hardy, and he'd tramp the snowy fields
As long as it was possible to see,
And his sight was keen and long
Though his flask held something strong,
And a fine old English gentleman was he!

PLAYER'S AIRMAN TOBACCOS

SOLD IN 1oz. 2oz. & 4oz. PACKINGS

ALL AT 9½D PER OZ.

AIRMAN MIXTURE
AIRMAN NAVY CUT
AIRMAN FLAKE
AIRMAN GOLDEN HONEYDEW
AIRMAN BROWN HONEYDEW

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

BLAKE FINDS AN INTEREST

By Elizabeth Jordan

BLAKE, overwhelmed by the loss of his fiancée, is seeking solace in a sea voyage. While the ship, following a collision at sea, sinks lower into the water he sees, amidst the general panic, a woman to whom he can attribute the cause of his misfortune. The boats are all filled and death faces them, but the unexpected happens, and the story shows how Blake's tormented mind finds salvation

Illustrated by R. WENBAN

WHEN the crash came Blake's first emotion was one of stunned incredulity, immediately followed by the inner panic which grips the normal human being at the sudden approach of death. The next moment his lips curled in self-scorn.

For weeks he had been longing to die. He had embarked upon this voyage to try to forget that desire, which was so abnormal in a young and healthy man. Yet the instant death seemed approaching he had been as frightened as the shivering wretches around him.

That was over now. He was master of himself, and he turned a deliberate eye on his surroundings while he took mental stock of the situation.

The hour was about midnight, and he had been one of the few passengers on deck. Already, however, men and women were all round him, a few of them half frantic, the majority of them greatly excited but trying to keep cool. A small number appeared, as he himself did, outwardly steady in the face of danger. One man was even joking as he fastened a life-preserver around his ten-year-old son.

"Just a big adventure, old man," he assured the boy. "Something to tell our friends about when we get home again. We'll put on these things because it's the right idea, but we don't need 'em. This ship will float all right till another comes along."

He had raised his voice towards the end, observing that others near him were listening, were also finding courage in his words. Several passengers pressed closer to him, and Blake noticed that the boy, though his small face was very pale, was looking up at his father with utter confidence.

"Just the same, I'm glad mother isn't with us," the boy said. And the man responded with a heart-felt, "So am I, old chap," covering it with a quick, "Women get a little nervous, you know," when the youngster showed that he was startled by the admission.

THE women passengers were obviously getting nervous. But most of them had men looking after them, helping them with their life-preservers, and reassuring them with loud assertions that there was "nothing to worry about." The officers, too, were doing their duty, hurrying along the deck, "trimming" the groups to steady the ship's sharp list to starboard, uttering curt but encouraging answers to ceaseless questions, shaking off detaining hands here and there. Above them the wireless sputtered its desperate call. . . .

The North Star was somewhere off the coast of Newfoundland, headed for St. John's, and even the deck lights burned dim in the all-enveloping fog around her. The megaphoned voice of the Captain roared orders from the bridge. . . . It was all very much like a dream. Blake told himself that possibly it *was* a dream—one of the nightmarish dreams he had been having of late.

He was glad there were so few children in the dream. The ten-year-old boy and a little girl about the same age, who was being well looked after by her father and a cool-headed brother in his twenties, were the only youngsters in Blake's line of vision.

He went to his stateroom, reaching it with difficulty because of the list of the ship, and taking down the two life-preservers in the racks, methodically adjusted one on his body. Members of the crew on deck had been handing around life-preservers, but there had been indications of a shortage and occasional signs of a temptation to snatch, to struggle. . . . Human nature was a hideous thing, sometimes, and a crisis like this brought out its worst as well as its best phases. . . . Blake took the extra life-preserver with him when he went back on the deck. As a man alone, without responsibilities, it was his obvious duty to help some woman or child, and he had no intention of shirking that duty, though by this time he had begun to realise that the iceberg on which the North Star was foundering might be the solution of all his trouble—the quick and easy finish of the life he no longer valued.

However, he'd play the game as long as he was in it.

He made his way slowly along the deck, looking for some woman or child who was alone. But the herd instinct was paramount in the face of danger. No one but himself seemed alone. Moreover, no one even noticed him. The ship had been out only two days, and he had kept to himself, making no acquaintances and avoiding the chatter of the smoking-room. He had talked a little with the first mate, and he remembered that now as the officer ran past him. Blake tried to stop him, but the man only looked at him, shook his head, and went on. There was great eloquence in that glance and head shake. They told him as much as the first mate could have said in an exchange of sentences.

BLAKE'S questful eye came to rest on a solitary figure, standing by the deck rail toward the stern of the boat, some distance away, and he suddenly realised that it was the figure he had sub-consciously been looking for. He had noticed the girl the night the ship sailed, simply because she was alone and had looked as desolate as he himself felt. He had seen her again early the next morning passing and repassing her on the deck promenade after breakfast. He had not consciously observed her since then nor had she seemed aware of him; but now, as he approached her, he saw recognition in the eyes she turned on him. Even in that moment he was interested in her expression. There was no terror in it. Neither was there the calm proud serenity his Edith's face would have worn in such an hour. There was simply acceptance.

He held out the life-preserver.

"Better let me fasten this on you," he casually suggested.

His recognition of her mental attitude was so clear that he would not have been surprised if she had protested. But she did not do so. She merely stood still and let him adjust and fasten the preserver, taking the service as indifferently as a child accepts help in the buttoning of its coat and with the same detached expression.

"It's just a precaution," he went on, in unconscious imitation of the father whose words he had overheard. "There'll be half a dozen ships here in an hour or two."

"We won't last that long. I heard one of the sailors say so."

"He ought to be shot for talking like that before passengers."

"He didn't know he was doing that. I was the only one within hearing and he didn't see me."

"He didn't know what he was talking about."

(All rights strictly reserved)

Blake fastened the last strap as he spoke and smiled at her.

"I think he did," she said quietly. "The ship has listed a lot more in the last ten minutes."

This was true. He had observed the change when he came back on deck. He waived the point. "Are you alone?" he asked.

"Yes. I don't know a soul on board."

"Neither do I. I'll be glad to give you any help I can."

"Thank you." She looked around as he had done. "But isn't there a child or old person who needs it more?"

"None that I've seen. Most of the passengers are young or middle-aged, I'm glad to say, and there are very few children. Evidently the Newfoundland voyage doesn't appeal to infancy or age."

THEY were standing side by side now, at the deck rail, looking out into the fog. Both had instinctively turned their backs on the scenes around them, but they could hear the breaking voices, grasp the gathering hysteria. . . . There was a priest in the group nearest them. He was steady as a rock, and seemed to quieten the rest of them.

"If I have any chance I'd gladly give it to someone else," the girl said quietly.

"I'd give my chance, too."

"I'm not being heroic, either," she dully explained. "It's just that I—don't care."

"Same here—though I know that isn't the way one ought to feel."

At that she turned and looked at him with interest.

"It's odd, isn't it? I mean that we should both be——"

"In the same boat, mentally, as well as physically? Yes, it is odd."

"My name is Aline Burke. I've come away to try to forget something—horrible—something I've done and can never live down. This"—she stared into the fog—"simplifies things."

"Your trouble may be worse than mine. But God knows mine's bad enough," Blake muttered. He was conscious that the growing panic behind him was getting on his nerves. It was a relief to talk to this detached stranger. "The girl I was going to marry was killed in an accident last week," he went on, after a short silence which his companion did not break.

"Oh," she exclaimed softly. But the eloquence of her tone led him on.

"Yesterday was to have been our wedding day. I felt as if I were going off my head and I suppose I must have acted that way," he continued. "Anyway, the doctor sent me off to pull myself together, and 'to find new interests,'" he quoted ironically.

"I'm so sorry!" The girl could say a lot in a few words. She had the qualities of understanding and sympathy.

"It was so sudden," he broke out. "An automobile crash. Thank God, I wasn't driving! We were sitting side by side in the tonneau. I got off almost without a scratch—and she died within an hour. There's life's irony for you!"

For a long moment she did not speak. Then she said very quietly. "I understand why you said my trouble might be greater than yours. Of course, all your memories are beautiful."

"Yes."

"I may have read about that accident, or perhaps of one like it," she said after another pause, as if she had been thinking it over. "Did yours happen in New York?"

"Yes."

"A 'bus ran into your car?"

"That's the one."

"There was—wasn't there—some question of careless driving?"

"The police decided no one was to blame. But of course I felt—and I shall always feel . . . ."

"Naturally—you would."

SILENCE again enveloped them—a silence as brooding as the fog. Neither wished to say any more.

"Here, hurry up, you two. Don't you see the boats are leaving?"

It was the first mate who spoke—Blake's sole acquaintance on the ship. He did not stop but ran past them, and as the two turned they found the deck behind them almost deserted. Several lifeboats were already in the water, very near the ship and looming dimly through the fog. Most of them looked overloaded. Another boat was being filled.

"Come along." Blake seized his companion's arm. He was conscious of a slight resistance, but it ended almost as it began. She accompanied him, clutching at the deck rail as the ship careened. Quiet groups of men stood near the boats, watching for a place. The confusion of fifteen minutes before had given place to a tense silence, broken

"The last boat lowered rocked under the weight of someone who suddenly jumped down into it from the deck It tipped, filled, and slowly sank"

at intervals by someone's deliberately cheerful and reassuring words. There was no rush, no struggle. Everything was orderly, everyone wore a look of frozen calm.

"They all expect to be saved," Blake interpreted.

Even as he spoke the unnatural calm broke. The last boat lowered rocked under the weight of someone who suddenly jumped down into it from the deck. It tipped, filled, and slowly sank, while a wail of hysteria swept over the watching passengers. Women in other boats shrieked and fainted. Figures in the water swam towards the overcrowded boats, clutched their sides, were repulsed, even pushed back with oars . . . . .

The girl beside Blake caught her breath. She was white to the lips.

"I'd rather stay here," she gasped.

"And go down with the ship. So would I. But I mustn't let you. You've got to have your chance."

He hurried her towards another boat already filling. Both men and women were in this and the father and his boy were among those already seated. The little girl, Blake had observed, was in one of the boats floating on the water. There seemed no place left, but Blake rushed his companion to the boat's side.

"No room," the officer in charge curtly reported. "But we'll make a place for the lady," he hurriedly added in response to a roar from the bridge.

A middle-aged woman with a strong, calm face, standing beside a grey-haired man, spoke to the girl.

"Hurry up, my dear," she urged. But Blake's companion pushed her forward.

"Take her instead," she cried hysterically. "She's probably useful. I'm not."

There was no time to argue. Hands reached forth and grasped the older woman's arms. She protested, then struggled frantically as she felt herself being lowered into the boat. At last she shrieked. "I want to stay with my husband," she cried wildly.

The grey-haired man said nothing. He merely stood very still, looking after her, till the boat she was in reached the water and began to slip away in the fog.

"You're the only woman left on the ship," Blake told his silent companion. She nodded.

"I'm glad of it."

Up till now his actions had been almost automatic—mere mechanical responses to the promptings of fixed traditions. Now he felt his first really personal interest in her.

"You've got to have your chance," he suddenly decided aloud. "You're young—you'll get over all this, whatever it is—Here"—he called to the first mate, "do something for this girl."

The mate shook his head, his big shoulders rising in a shrug that was as eloquent as the head shake. The last boat lowered had also overturned. . . . More figures were struggling in the water. Blake heard a choked cry from the grey-haired man who still stood beside him. The next moment the man was also in the water, swimming frantically towards his wife. He reached her and held her up . . . .

THE girl beside Blake uttered a low moan. "They *want* to live," she gasped. "Probably they've got a lot to live for—children at home—and all that."

Blake did not answer. He could not. He was busy dropping into the water several deck chairs and an extra life-preserver he found on the deck. The preserver and one of the chairs were grasped by two of the struggling figures down below. He uttered a gasp of satisfaction. The grey-haired man had one of the chairs—was steadying his wife with it . . . .

"They're together again, anyway," said the girl.

There was heroism down in the water as well as panic. One of the crowded boats had taken two swimmers on board, at great risk to its passengers. Three men in another boat had gone overboard, giving their places to three women . . . It was hard to see now. Most of the boats had drifted away in the fog.

There were a dozen men left on the deck, shivering in their greatcoats. The priest was among them. Several of them were keeping very close to him.

A hoarse voice spoke in their ears.

"Help's on the way. Cap'n thinks we can keep afloat till it comes." Blake nodded, turning to smile at the girl. She did not return the smile, nor did she meet his eyes. She was leaning on the deck rail, facing the fog bank.

"You heard?" he asked gently. "He says there's help coming."

She shook her head, and moved to look after the first mate as he hurried away again.

"If there is," she said, "I've got to tell you something. In any case I've got to tell you. Look at me! Don't you remember me?"

(*Continued on page* vi)

FILM NOTES

Trying it on the dog! Carl Brisson with his winning smile which does not appear to be having the desired effect on Fido. Elissa Landi was chosen by Elinor Glyn as the perfect type of English girl for "Knowing Men"—but she is of Italian-Austrian parentage

LEARNING ABOUT MEN

FIRST BRITISH SCREEN REVUE

By Lionel Collier

SOME years ago now Elinor Glyn wrote "Three Weeks," and it was considered "daring." Now, for the purpose of the screen, she has written "Knowing Men," and today it is naïvely amusing rather than daring. Times have changed, but Elinor Glyn's men and women have remained constant.

S

THE plot of "Knowing Men"—the "knowing," I presume, being used as a verb and not a qualifying adjective, which might just as easily be the case—ante-dates "Three Weeks." There is a convent-bred heiress, who "wants to be loved for herself and not her money," who gets a worldly wise aunt in Paris to palm her off as a companion. Thus she meets Carl Brisson, who is apparently a "kiss-at-first-sight" man, but, nevertheless, the soul of chivalry. He takes her to an artists' ball, where she is seized by a man dressed as a monkey, who evidently considers all is fair at a party. He carries her off to a room upstairs and proceeds to be violently amorous until Carl arrives to knock him out. Selfish, perhaps, but chivalrous no doubt.

But even though the character Carl Brisson is representing has these chivalrous instincts he has also had an affair in the near past, and the lady concerned holds compromising letters. At a house party in an incredibly big castle Carl accepts an invitation to go to the said lady's room at night and get the letters. By accident he gets into his unsullied convent girl's room, and proceeds to make amends by asking her to marry him. Have I not said he was the soul of honour?

Then he puts her to bed and kisses her like six pages out of "Three Weeks." After which performance he remarks that it would be "dangerous to stay another minute," and hurries to the vamp's room.

She gives him the letters and threatens to scream if he tries to leave the room. However, he dives out of the window into the moat, a distance of about seventy feet as far as I could judge, and thereby saves awkward explanations to his bride-to-be.

Meanwhile, the girl's aunt, who has expressed an opinion that she has learnt all about men that can safely be acquired, and demanded that she show herself in her true colours, discloses her niece's identity. Happy ending.

S

WELL, I am of the opinion that this heroine's knowledge of men was elementary, and that she would have a lot to learn after marriage. This in spite of the fact that the butler and footmen in the household had shown that they regarded her with more than common kindness.

Altogether this material is very unsophisticated, but Elinor Glyn's direction is polished, and there are occasional witty lines. The authoress appears herself in a sort of prologue in which she delivers worldly wise words, and, like a fairy godmother, waves her wand—sorry, her quill pen—and conjures up types of men being cajoled by women who play on their vanity. It is, indeed, a fairy story for the little ones even to "they lived happily ever after."

S

CARL BRISSON, disguised with a moustache, sings a song and also appears partly dressed in a leopard skin at a party as Adam. I think it was a tiger skin that played so prominent a part in "Three Weeks."

Elissa Landi, quite at her best, acts well as the incredibly sophisticated and yet unsophisticated heroine. As the

Norah Baring, as Celia Harland, has a premonition of evil happenings in a scene with the maid, Violet Farebrother, in "At the Villa Rose," from the story by A. E. W. Mason

aunt Helen Haye acts admirably, and Jeanne de Casalis vamps to advantage.

By the way, Edward Knoblock is mentioned as part author of this effort, but Elinor Glyn obviously predominates.

Camera work and technique are very good, and it is a pleasure to see such good work in these directions in a British picture.

"ATLANTIC" has ended its successful run at the Alhambra, to be replaced by Britain's first talkie revue, "Elstree Calling." I cannot say I was greatly impressed. The talent is there in much greater force than in "Broadway Melody," but the composition is well below that feature.

The cast includes an imposing lot of names, including Will Fyfe, Lily Morris, Cicely Courtneidge, Jack Hulbert, Donald Calthrop, Tommy Handley, and Anna May Wong, to mention just a few. But they are presented without definite continuity, and that is a mistake. It seemed to me in some instances that back cloths were used, which is inexcusable when one realises the scope of the camera.

There are bright spots, in spite of the fact that Jack Hulbert's personality is half lost in its camera reflection, and that the songs and dances of Helen Burnell from "The House that Jack Built" also suffer by stage comparison.

Donald Calthrop and Anna May Wong give an excellent skit on Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford in "The Taming of the Shrew," while Cicely Courtneidge's song and dance comes over very well indeed.

The slight continuity links include Tommy Handley, who is represented as an announcer giving out the turns, and by Gordon Harker as a television and wireless enthusiast, who is attempting to get his set to receive the items. He only succeeds at the last moment when Tommy Handley says "Good-night."

IN another attempt to get continuity the director, Adrian Brunel, has introduced us to Donald Calthrop, continually trying throughout the programme to recite something from Shakespeare. He never succeeds until the "Shrew" burlesque; it would have been better if he had at last succeeded and given us something "straight."

It seems to me that such talent as here displayed is largely wasted. The stage can do these things so much better, and stage turns played straight and recorded by the camera are not wholly satisfactory. Scenic ingenuity is needed to emphasise the loss of direct personal contact, and that is missing from this picture. As an example of what I mean I can only compare "The Wedding of the Painted Doll" in "Broadway Melody" with the dances given in "Elstree Calling." There is not less talent in the latter; it is all a matter of presentation and imagination.

Carl Brisson, the popular screen hero, plus moustache and tiger skin, looks ready to "dare all" in "Knowing Men," the all British talkie written and produced by Elinor Glyn and made at Elstree. This film will probably be seen in the West End shortly

Norma Talks

NORMA TALMADGE is the latest silent star to find her tongue. While it is not altogether silver, it is pleasant and rounded in tone. She appears in another of the familiar American love-and-crook type of stories called "New York Nights." If "New York Nights" are anything like they are represented to be in this picture, London must be a very healthy place. The story is quite an incredible one about a girl who "walks out on" her husband, a song-writer—this is becoming an essential in talkies to allow for the theme song—because he drinks. She puts herself under the protection of a gangster, giving, as he makes it perfectly clear, nothing in return. However, one day she sees her penitent husband starving and runs back to him, followed by the —I think—justly angry gangster, who is, however, foiled in his murderous intent.

Norma Talmadge is good, but Roland Young is very heavy as the hero. Personally I thought that John Wray gave the best performance as the gangster. He was so obviously a crook, however, that one could only be amazed at Norma Talmadge's repetition of the fact that she really liked him. Still, screen heroines are *so* unsophisticated that it is a wonder they can carry their virtue unblemished to the end of the picture.

L. C.

Censored! The fervour of this sketch in "Elstree Calling" was objected to by the Censor. Jameson Thomas apparently also objects to this scene between Helen Hedin and John Longden in this British International picture which is now showing at the Alhambra

The little King of Roumania with his aunt, H.R.H. Princess Katherine of Greece, the youngest daughter of the late King Constantine, photographed at the entrance of the Cotrocceni Palace, Bucharest

MANUSCRIPTS & MANNEQUINS

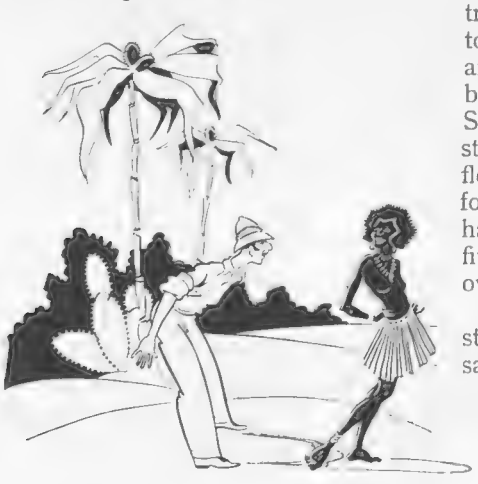
By Sylvia Lyon

PRESIDENT DOUMERGUE, the Diplomatic Corps, and Government officials have had a busy time this week. My goodness! They had to watch the President draw the Davis Cup; they had to be present at the inauguration of a new study-room in the Ecole de Louvre, presented by Walter Mortland, of New York (when *will* these Americans stop making gifts to France so that the French can turn about and make complaints about the Americans?); they had to run down to the train to greet Poincaré on his return from Cap Martin where, with his wife, he has been the guest of Gabriel Hanotaux; and they had to appear at the Bal des Petits Lits Blancs at the Opéra.

Even André Tardieu, before returning to London, was on view, receiving almost as much applause as Mistinguett. Which caused me to think of the extreme loyalty of the French towards their stage favourites, and what a good idea it would be to have one for Premier. Standing at the head of the staircase was Mathilde Sée, who paints flower-pictures and writes up funerals for the *Figaro*, taking down names, and having the appearance of receiving five thousand people as if it were her own party.

On the great silver bridge, constructed on the stage, Lotte Schoëne sang; Pierre Meyer, whose father is head of "Old England," was a merry, merry football player; Georges Carpentier appeared as Georges Carpentier, and for no reason at all Adolphe Menjou and his wife crossed the bridge to the accompaniment of hand-clapping.

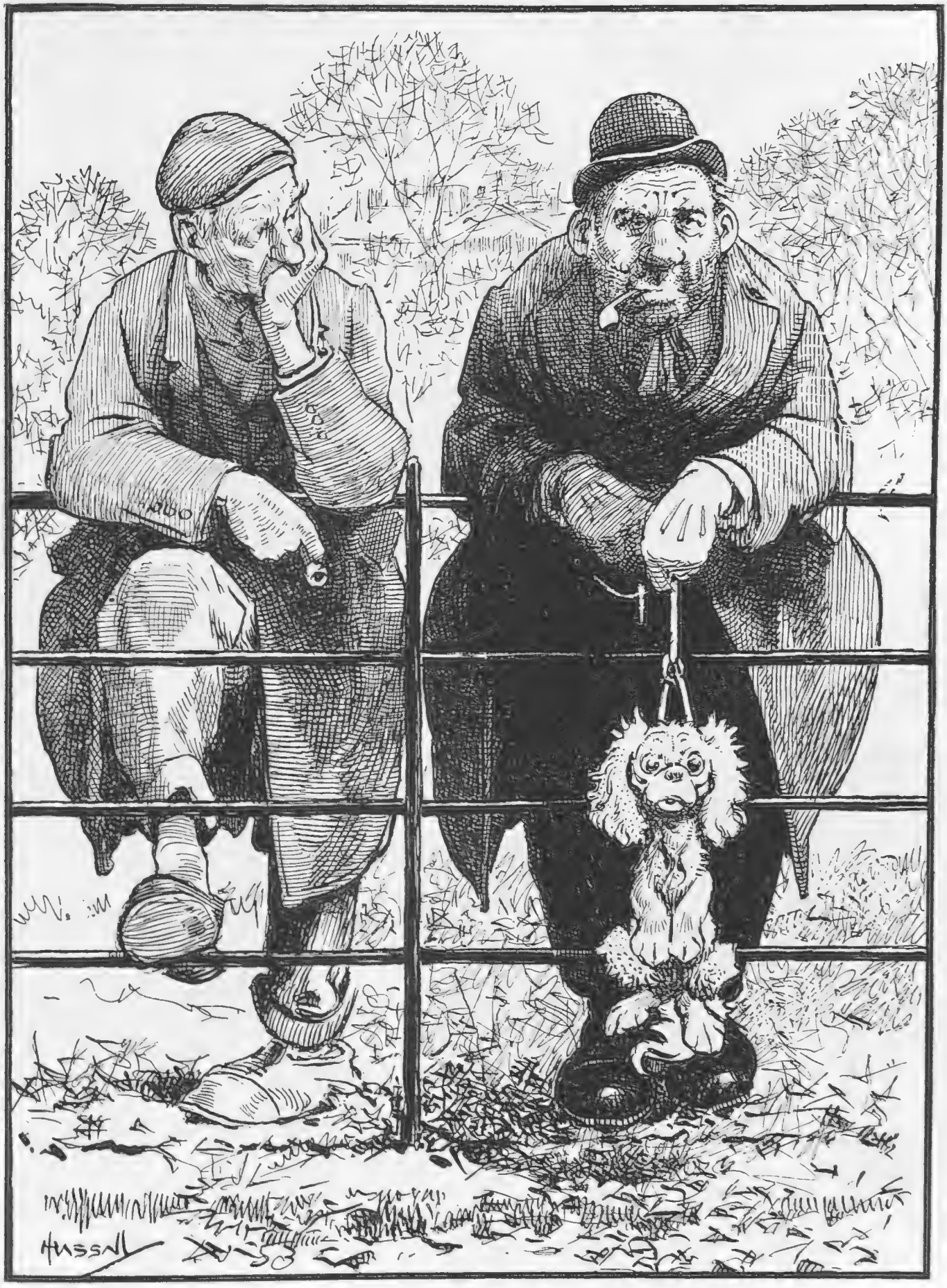
Another picture of the two taken outside some woods, near Bucharest. The Sealyham is a devoted friend



By Norman Kay

"What a tropical climate can do to a man's morals"

THOUSANDS of people who attend these balls hoping to see Society celebrities are out of luck, because they cannot be seen, even if they are present, in such a crowd; and although the spectacle was really beautiful, it would be much more original if they had the Duc de Dodeauville as part of the show, because anybody can see any of the stage people any night for far less than two hundred francs admission, and as for the Duchesse de Dodeauville, nobody can



BY HASSALL

"I got four little dogs to take for a scamper like this every morning"

see her at all unless they play bridge and are friends of the family besides.

But one celebrity seen, and to great advantage, was the Comtesse de Noailles, who, born the Princesse Anna Brancovan, of a Turkish mother and Roumanian father, is truly such a great poet that the French call her "La Comtesse Nationale." From her loge, she offered her long gloves for auction. The auctioneer announced "The bid for gloves from such a source should start at five hundred francs." "Three hundred!" shouted some mean and sarcastic wretch. However, they brought thirty-five hundred. President Doumergue was there with his smile, which by now is a permanent wave.

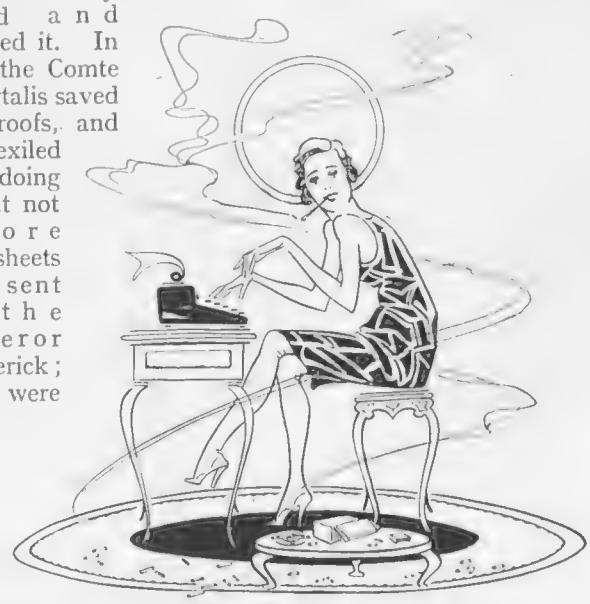
"The edition was ordered to be stopped by Napoleon"

IN the theatre things are stirring. In 1920 Gaston Baty opened the little Studio des Champs-Elysées, then called the Comédie Montaigne, with H. R. Lenormand's *Le Simoun*. His company went broke. In 1923 he attempted to gather audiences at Le Chimère, a theatre built of painted canvas and flapping jute, in the Boulevard Saint Germain, with equal luck. He returned to the Studio with the works of Shaw, Paul Claudel, and Lenormand, and there was no money in sight until the production of Simon Gantillon's *Maya*.

That made such a success that he moved his company to the Théâtre de l'Avenue, leaving the Studio to the direction of Louis Jouvet. Now, years since Baty's first venture, he has been given the management of the Théâtre Pigalle. His idea being a repertory season, he put on fifteen performances of *Le Simoun* with Firman Gémier as the star, and the Princesse de Polignac content to sit on a strapontin at the répétition générale. But Gémier, until this week the director of the Odeon, is all worn out and is going to retire from the stage, *Le Simoun* probably bringing on a climax. It's all about what a tropical climate can do to a man's morals. With that in mind I wonder why more Frenchmen don't go out to their colonies, with *such* girls about. But I suppose that Frenchmen don't have to go to the colonies for that.

I HAVE not yet recovered from having had my arms wrenched at the marvellous Romantic Exhibition at the Bibliothéque Nationale, where in my opinion the most interesting objects on view were the manuscript of Madame de Staël's "L'Allemagne," loaned by the Comtesse Le Marois, who is one of her descendants, and the first edition, around which a whole drama revolved. The edition was ordered to be suppressed by Napoleon. The proofs were at the Imprimerie Nationale, where the censor had been looking them over. Madame de Staël was in the country at the time with Madame Récamier. She left the château in the Loire which she had rented, to go for a few days' visit with other friends.

During her absence the Prefect of the Loire was told to give Madame de Staël forty-eight hours in which either to go to Geneva or take a boat to America. Her son, Auguste de Staël, was warned by the friendly Prefect, and he was able to run off with the manuscript. Madame de Staël returned and in haste wrote a new and purposely faulty one, which she turned over to Napoleon's intermediary, the Prefect, who calmly winked and accepted it. In Paris the Comte de Portalis saved the proofs, and was exiled for doing so, but not before some sheets were sent to the Emperor Frederick; others were hidden in Switzerland; and a complete set of the proofs are to-day at the Château de Broglie. In 1813 they were smuggled out of the country to England, where they were published by Murray.



"I usually smoke a great many cigarettes"

I WAS interrupted in my recollection of the Romantics by the arrival of the fire department while concocting these articles. I usually smoke a great many cigarettes, which I have often thought of charging up to the Editor. However, it was not your correspondent who was on fire, but the flat above, just a slight blaze. Not caring much for the atmosphere I went down to the rue Cambon to see what Chanel had been up to. I was completely enchanted by the new collection, and at the same time absorbed a little temporarily Parisian local colour by hearing a buyer seated at my left murmur, "Oi, such detail!" And for contrast, sitting on one of the lower steps of the famous staircase was Colette, the author of "Cheri," "Claudine" and "La Seconde." After the collection was over I went on up the stairs to say how-do-you-do to Chanel, who had already been joined by Colette. Lady Abdy was there too, of course. "I hear you have been writing dreadful things about me," she said, looking very much pleased, "you wrote that I was so tall that when I stand up I hit the ceiling." "Maybe I was wrong," I said. "stand up now and let's see." "Don't bother," said Chanel, "I've just had this place redecorated. By the way, how do you like the collection?" "Marvellous," I said, "and how dare you suddenly start speaking English to me after all these months of making me suffer in French." "I have never found it necessary to speak English," said Colette, and if I had not had an engagement I would have proceeded to interview her, thinking how wondrous Paris is, meeting people on staircases who are subjects for interviews.

S. L.

A PSYCHOLOGIST claims that woman wears better than man. She may wear better, but not nearly as much.

A WHO'S WHO PUBLISHED BY WORTHINGTON

BIMBOMBULO, Hercules Salmson. The world-famous strong man. Born 1880. Educ. L.C.C. Gymnasiums. Began athletic career holding horses outside theatre 1898. 1902. Invited inside by theatre manager. The climax of his spectacular career came in 1920 when, before a distinguished audience including the crowned heads of Europe, he carried one motor-car, two cabinet gramophones, a palm tree and one large bottle of Worthington two hundred and thirty-seven times round the arena at Olympia. *Hobbies:* Butterflies. Boasts world's finest collection of *Worthington labels.*

FLYING NOTES

AIR HIGHWAYS OF AFRICA

By Capt. C. E. Ward

A photograph of the struggle to beach the Singapore at Malta. This is one of the many interesting plates out of Sir Alan Cobham's book, "Twenty Thousand Miles in a Flying Boat." Published by Harrap and Co., it is priced at 10s. 6d., and it is reviewed in the accompanying article

A Modern Explorer's Tale

"TWENTY Thousand Miles in a Flying Boat" tells the story of an historic voyage through and round the Dark Continent, undertaken as the final flight of survey before a permanent air line should be established. Sir Alan Cobham tells us little about the advance organisation required for such a journey away from the beaten track. We take off with him from Rochester in the Singapore on page 15 to enjoy seven months of action and adventure, during which time we are wrecked and repaired, beset by foul weather and thrilled by scenery never before viewed by man. The blue Mediterranean, the Pyramids, the Nile, herds of elephant, Livingstone's house at Ujiji, unknown mountains, Portuguese East, diamonds in the sand, the swamps of the Ivory Coast, the Canaries, Gibraltar, all appear as so many tracks or signposts on the future air highway. This book will become a classic of travel, dealing as it does with a pioneer flight, described in such a way that the layman can follow every stage. It is well illustrated, and equally suitable for light reading or careful study, according to one's taste.

L.N.A.

Sir Alan and Lady Cobham and their two children, Michael and Godfrey, arriving at Waterloo Station from the Union Castle liner, Arundel Castle, on which they travelled from South Africa

Aviation Légère

M. LAWRENCE SANTONI, in conjunction with M. Blériot, has decided that France needs educating on the subject of "light aviation," and a new company has been formed in Paris, similar to our National Flying Services except that no State subsidy is available at the moment. During this year it is proposed to have a site near Paris with hangars, workshops and air taxis available. Cherbourg, Deauville, Trouville, Dieppe and Dinard are some of the key positions on the Coast of France where airports are to be equipped. Arrangements have been made with the State Railways for air-rail facilities so that passengers in a hurry can have the best of both services. Talking of France reminds me that Antibes is no longer a base for the regular air line from Corsica, which goes direct to Marseilles, but the excellent harbour with seaplane facilities is available and is often used by French Service machines operating along the Côte d'Azur.

The Moth Abroad

THE Baron de Précourt has taken delivery of his Gipsy Moth from Stag Lane and joins several other French noblemen who are also Moth owners; the Comte de Sibour, the Comte de Beauregard, and the Comte de Villefranche. Full Moth service facilities exist near Paris at the premises of Aeroplanes Morane-Saulnier, who build the Moth under licence. Arrangements are now being made for the Moth to be represented in Austria, and full service facilities will be available for users in that country. A Moth has just been acquired by Ingenieur Nikolaus Eltz, a well-known sportsman, and one was supplied last year to the Viennese correspondent of *The Chicago Tribune*, who is a pilot of many years' standing.

By Air at Ninepence a Mile

NATIONAL FLYING SERVICES fleet now numbers 37 machines, all of which are available as taxis. The charge for single-passenger machines, such as a Moth or Bluebird, is 1s. a mile, whereas by taking a friend to share the journey in a Desoutter saloon the charge comes down to ninepence each per mile. The Rt. Hon. J. H. Thomas, P.C., M.P., carried out the formal ceremony of inspecting the taximeters at Hanworth Park the other day, and the occasion was also used to christen the D.H.61 seven-passenger machine Leone. This machine has already carried out many notable flights under the capable piloting of Captain Wilson, and is of exactly the same type as the Youth of Britain, Sir Alan Cobham's famous air liner, with which he toured Britain last year and subsequently took out to Rhodesia. Two New Zealand officers on leave from the R.A.F., Flying Officers H. L. Piper and C. Kay, are on their way to the Far East in a Desoutter saloon. This being the first transcontinental flight to be undertaken on this type, it will be watched with great interest. The two officers took a short course with the Newcastle Aero Club at Cramlington, as a refresher after flying high-powered Service Scouts.

Around the Clubs

IN spite of indifferent weather, the Hampshire Club has started the year with a good flying total for January. Members have the advantage of more varied flying than at most clubs as the fleet consists of a Cirrus Moth, a Gipsy Moth, an Avian and a Spartan. Mr. T. A. Bowring, aged seventeen, was launched solo at the Cinque Ports and completed all tests for his "A" Licence within a week. The Hon. David Tennant, of the De Havilland School, and Mr. Calvert, of the Cinque Ports Club, tied for first place in the competition for the Ashwell-Cook Challenge Cup.

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SHOOTING NOTES

Sport and General

The Head Keeper at Hickling Broads, near Wroxham, Norfolk, giving directions to the guns before a wildfowl shoot. During the day the party enjoyed excellent sport

DECOYING WOOD-PIGEONS

By "Clodhopper"

THE wise sportsman sends his best guns to a gunmaker to be overhauled and stored during the close season. On the other hand, he keeps an old and well-tried "shooting-iron" for by-days with wood-pigeons, rabbits, claybird practice, and companionship, even as one keeps an old and, perchance, over-ripe briar in the pipe-rack. And no sportsman's den is completely furnished sans crop, gun, and rod, pipes, and 'baccy-jar. A corner cupboard well stocked with "medical comforts" in fluid form also adds lustre to the tout ensemble of a "crony hole." The cocktail shaker and swizzle-stick, however, have almost entirely superseded the jolly old corner cupboard.

BUT to hark forrard to the farmers' winged enemy, the wood-pigeon, a bird of tough plumage, and one which can test the skill of a shooter and the killing powers of his gun to a very considerable degree. Nor is a quist of last year by any means to be despised in a pie or casserole, always provided he has not been feeding upon turnip-tops, when a wood-pigeon, young or old, is quite unfit for human consumption. Wherever cultivation contiguous to beech woods or oaks obtains, pigeons will congregate. Not only are these woefully destructive members of the great Columbæ order fond of young green spring crops, but they are also extremely partial to acorns and beech-mast. Owing, no doubt, to an exceptionally open winter, migratory pigeons from Scandinavia and other parts of Northern Europe have not yet augmented the legions of our native-bred birds in such vast flocks as to become a menace to agriculture. Still, there is plenty of time for these undesirable feathered aliens to invade our shores and cultivated areas in countless numbers. Indeed, farmers in many parts of the country, and more especially in the south and south-western counties, have organised pigeon shoots on a big scale with the object of decimating the hordes of their winged enemies. But this the worthy husbandmen will never do, though continuous harassing by shooting certainly has the effect of keeping the birds on the move from one district to another.

WHEN pigeons are numerous quite pretty evening sport may be had by taking up a judiciously chosen stand just before the birds begin to come in from the feeding-grounds to roost in the fir and spruce plantations, or the low trees of a wood in which they prefer to spend the night rather than amongst the taller timber. When a big bag of pigeons, or mere destruction of these pests, is the object, considerable execution can be done on moonlight nights and under a cloud-flecked sky as the "woodmen" sit huddled together on the branches. When potting off quists at night the shooter must proceed as silently as possible under the trees and avoid treading on broken twigs, which snap like a pistol on a quiet night. He should also, when possible, face the moon, otherwise he will disturb the roosting birds without seeing them clearly enough to shoot.

ALMOST successful method of outmanœuvring the thrice-wily wood-pigeon is by means of decoys placed either on the ground or in trees. The former ruse consists of setting out freshly killed, stuffed or artificial decoys in a field of young crops and on open spaces beneath the beech and oak trees of a covert frequented by pigeons. The dummies must, of course, be placed within range of a convenient "blind" from which the shooter can watch the movements of his quarry. A clump of evergreen bushes with sufficient elbow-room in which to swing a gun affords an excellent hide, as does also a shelter of rough boughs or bushed hurdles to simulate the general surroundings.

MAX BAKER'S SHOOTING NOTE

TRY SHOOTING FROM A BOAT

THOSE who regard shooting as ended on February 1 may be reminded that wild bird shooting continues till the end of the month. If hard weather sets in wildfowl may offer opportunities such as have been lacking in the green winter that has prevailed up till the time of writing. Forage around for a chance to test your skill shooting from a boat. If the experiment has never been tried the result is likely to be as surprising as my own first essays to shoot partridges from elephant back. To attempt to swing glued to a seat is to realise how important a part the legs play in giving suppleness to the body. The spinal pivot is limited in its play, hence the body must face, not the point where birds appear, but towards the direction of discharge. When birds are seen approaching the position must be shifted to face them without conspicuous motion. Overhead chances may necessitate standing up in the boat, a proceeding complicated by the uncertain platform and the risk of falling overboard. Even if the available water is inland great fun can be had, though great bags may not result. When a dog is taken along some valuable experience should be forthcoming for both.

Topical Press

Miss Barbara Scrope, the daughter of Mr. Henry Aloysius Scrope, and her fiancé, Mr. Cuthbert Fitzherbert, whose marriage will shortly take place at the Brompton Oratory. They are seen outside Danby Hall, Middleham, Yorks, the residence of Mr. Scrope

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"Singing along in a Singer" is more than a slogan—it sums up in five words all the joy of motoring in the wonderful new SINGER "SIX." Long sweeping lines, slung low for speed and safety, characterise this beautiful car, and its capacity for maintaining a high cruising speed is remarkable. Silently, swiftly, smoothly, it speeds along the highways—an exhilarating experience for even the most sceptic critic. A real top-gear car that is a joy to drive.

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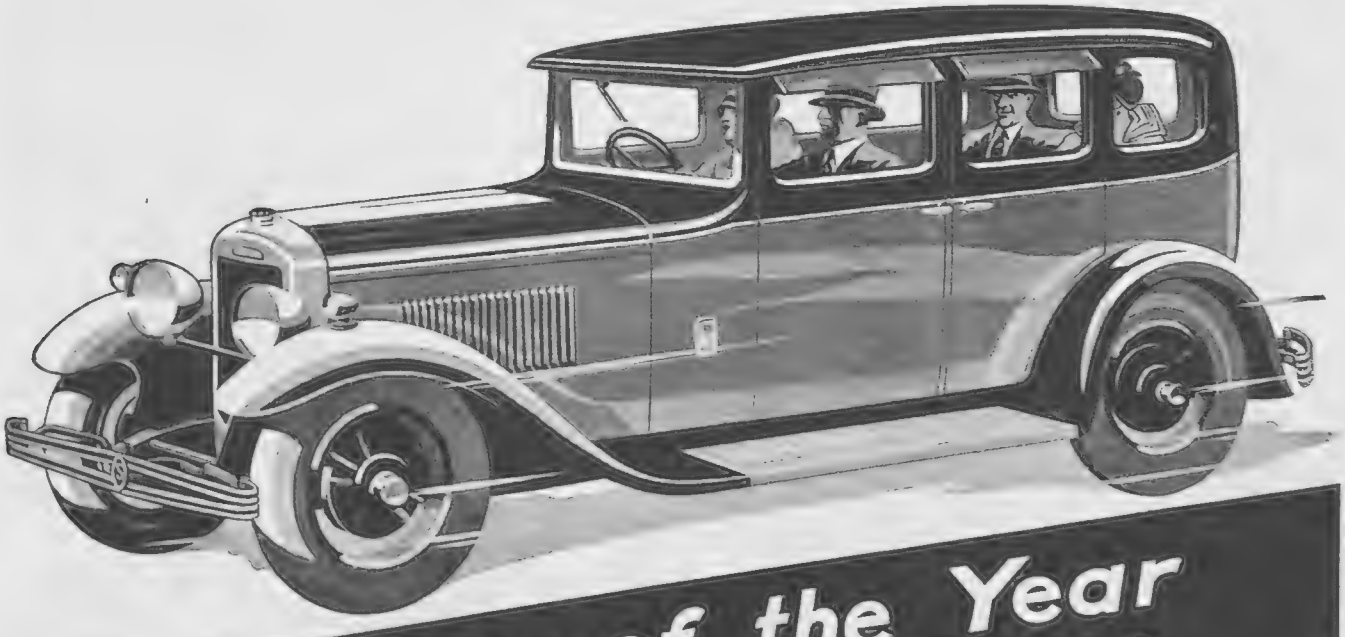

The Car of the Year
SINGER SIX

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H.P.

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

SMALL BEER AND SOME BIGOTS

By Ralph Straus

COUNTRY chronicles are often enough very small beer, but they can be genuinely entertaining. There is, indeed, a mood that is common to most of us when a quiet, backwatery kind of story will be the one most likely to please. And here on my table are three such stories which, without being wildly exciting or little masterpieces, are exceedingly good to read.

I WILL take *Doctor Serocold* (Benn: 7*s.* 6*d.*) first, if for no other reason than that its writer is a woman. For Miss Helen Ashton's work I have the highest admiration. *A Background for Caroline* seemed to me to be an unusually gracious piece of work. Its successor, if less ambitious, has all the charm of a highly finished cameo. Picture to yourself an elderly doctor, rather tired and worried about his own health, still enjoying the best practice in his small country town in spite of a young and go-ahead rival, fond of a little gossip, apt to lose his temper now and then, shrewd and knowledgeable and very human. Such a man is Dr. Serocold, and, in detailing the events of a single day in his life, Miss Ashton does more than paint an admirable portrait; she brings the whole town into a surprisingly clear focus.

Dorothy Wilding

MISS E. M. DELAFIELD

Whose new novel, "Turn Back the Leaves," is reviewed on this page

NOT unnaturally the particular day is in some ways exceptional. It is the doctor's sixty-fifth birthday, and in the early hours of the morning his partner has died. Also, he is expecting a specialist's report on his own condition. Apart from these matters, however, his "round" must be fairly typical. There is a council meeting to attend, and one or two tradesmen have to be seen. There is an operation for mastoid to be performed in the hospital (with his rival as anæsthetiser to watch), and the painful discovery that a very old friend has cancer, and a visit to a silly Great Lady with a shell-shocked son, during which a little judicious bullying succeeds where a more professional treatment would certainly have failed. Incidentally, the specialist's report is all that you want it to be. And, as the day began with the death of a very old man, so it ends with the birth of a child.

SMALL beer, then, you may say, but a most satisfactory brew. Dr. Serocold's comments on his patients and friends are distinctly breezy. He is splendid at the council meeting and audacious with Lady Catterick. You cannot but like him. Miss Ashton, too, knows what she is writing about, for she is a qualified doctor herself. You will enjoy her book.

DR. SEROCOLD practises in a town without a name, but it is not very different, morally, socially or geographically from the Dixton-on-Wode in which *Mrs. Clutterbuck Laughs* (Dent: 7*s.* 6*d.*). This Mrs. Clutty, I am inclined to think, is a clever invention upon which—or should it be whom?—Mr. Guy Pocock (a new name to me) may be congratulated. Most small towns have their Mrs. Cluttys—masterful ladies who must always be "getting up" something or other, bustling, limelight-loving "leaders" who "make things go." I have heard them called benefactresses and angels, but I have also heard them called busybodies, and even holy terrors. Mrs. Clutty herself may be vulgar and a little too much like a steam roller, but she undoubtedly helps Dixton to enjoy itself, and is often a real friend in need. At the same time, Mr. Pocock finds himself wondering—and we may share his uncertainty—whether she is the best kind of friend.

AS it happens, there is somebody else in Dixton who is keen to be of help to his fellow-citizens. This is Dr. Rally, the choirmaster, who has no desire whatever to stand in the limelight. And whereas Mrs. Clutterbuck depends on her jolly laugh and her steam rolling, Dr. Rally prefers to use subtler methods. He really does understand his neighbours, and gives them the best possible advice. But is this what they want? Unfortunately, no. Dr. Rally fails, and he fails just where Mrs. Clutty succeeds. Which seems not too fair. Yet that is the perverse way of the world, as Ella, the poetess, has told us.

SMALL beer again, then, but a pleasantly light beverage. I can imagine some superior folk finding Miss Mithers and Carry, the Salvationist, and Hatherley, the schoolmaster, who wins a big newspaper competition, and even Dr. Rally himself, a little too sentimental for their taste, but the town-portraits are well done. I did not find Mrs. Clutty at all exaggerated, and her friend, the Countess, who plays all too small a part, is really droll. It is a neat little story, with a welcome, if faint, touch of satire about it.

I COME to a very different type of novel. *Turn Back the Leaves* (Macmillan: 7*s.* 6*d.*) is not, I think, the best title that Miss E. M. Delafield could have chosen for this study of an old Roman Catholic family in England; yet it is highly suggestive. Sir Joseph Floyd is one of those men of a single aim who cannot follow the times. All the servants in his gloomy house must be of his own faith, and Protestants must always be viewed with a certain amount of suspicion. He ought never to have married, but marry he does, and when his wife has a child that is not his—well, that is the beginning of a remarkably attractive story which Miss Delafield tells in her own inimitable way.

THE new generation's outlook is what its Protestant friends call "less bigoted," and the inevitable happens. The younger Floyds go apart; the girls marry Protestants who will not promise to have their children brought up as Catholics. The War, too, brings other troubles and tragedies in its trail, but Sir Joseph remains the stern, immovable figure that he always was.

IT is a most moving book, and, speaking without special knowledge, I should be inclined to say that Miss Delafield has been very fair in her general treatment of what is admittedly a very difficult and very delicate subject. But in any case her picture of these Floyds is most carefully drawn, and I must give the book a very high place. Possibly it is the best of all her books.

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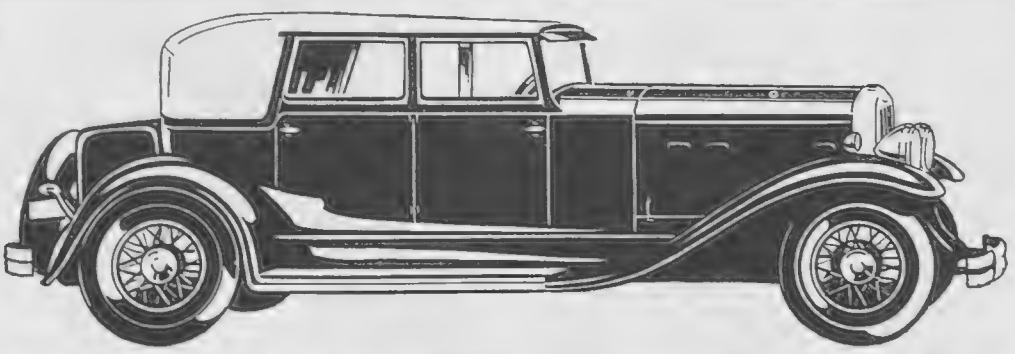

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How to Make Money at Bridge

X—Learn the Conventions at Contract: (A)—The Demand Bid

By "Aces Easy"

A discussion of modern Contract involves a number of conventions that are purely arbitrary, with all of which one should be familiar, all of which one should be able to play correctly—and very few of which one should embrace. Most notable of these is the "Demand Bid" of Two.

Recommended by authorities, most eminent of whom is Lenz, there is one grave weakness underlying this system: one bids less on a large hand than on a smaller one. One bids two of anything if one is anxious to have a second chance of bidding. A two-suiter, a hand with marked slam possibilities, or a hand apparently—but not certainly—worth the game should, by demanders, be bid originally as "two" of its best suit. Lenz cites a Goulash hand of S—K, Q, J, 10, 9, x, x, x, x; H— ——; D— ——; C—A, K, Q, J, and suggests that "Two Spades" is the best bid. "Two Spades" should be bid on such hands as (*a*) S—A, K, Q, J.; H—A, K, 10, 2; D—A, Q, 10, 4; C—3. (*b*) S—A, K, Q, 10, x, x; H—K, Q, 10, x, x; D—x; C—x. (*c*) S—A, K, J, 10, x, x, x; H—A, x, x; D—A, x; C—x. Or (*d*) S—K, Q, J, x, x, x; H—x, x; D—A, K, Q; C—x, x. On all these hands you want the chance of bidding again, for slam or game. On (*a*) you will bid (i) more Spades, (ii) more of your partner's suit, or (iii) no trumps. On (*b*) you will show Hearts. On (*c*) you will go to game in Spades or no-trumps, probably Spades. On (*d*) you may chance no-trumps or more Spades. All the hands are worth eight tricks at least in play

As partner to a "demand bidder" you have three conventional responses to remember: (i) on a dud hand, bid two no-trumps; (ii) on a dud hand with at least four of partner's trumps (if a major be bid), bid game. These are warning bids. (iii) With moderate assistance (an ace, *or* a king, queen, *or* three queens and a couple of jacks) and *at least three trumps*, bid three of your partner's suit—a "courtesy raise" to keep the bidding open for him.

With a large hand of one suit, bid three of it, major or minor—but it *must* be headed by tops. With a hand of, say, seven of a suit to queen, jack, and a little outside, bid four of your suit, major or minor.

If you intend to bid for slams, first confirm your partner's call by a "courtesy raise," and then, when your partner has said something more, bid your side-cards by "showing aces" and "exposing chicanes." If you want to bid no-trumps genuinely, bid *three*; if you hope for a no-trump slam, or one in partner's suit if he has more than four cards in it, bid four no-trumps.

If you have given a "courtesy raise" of three and your partner then goes four of another suit, he is asking you to show side tricks. If you have big stuff to show, show it. If you haven't, put in the "stop bid" of exactly a game contract in his *first* suit. If your partner, having bid two Spades, you giving the third, goes *five* of a second suit, he is showing a genuine two-suiter. Let the second contract stand or put him back to his first suit as your hand dictates just as you would at Auction.

Know this and apply it, and you have the "demand" bid in all its ramifications. One word more: *Pace* Lenz and the demand bidders, *don't* adopt the demand bid, but play it (and play it correctly) if your partner asks you to.

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DOGS

GUNNERS, SCOWLERS and TAIL-WAGGERS By "The Kennelman"

Mr. Charles Cruft, who, although over 78 years of age, is always a leading figure in his famous International Dog Show. This year's Show, held at the Agricultural Hall last week, included no fewer than 1,286 different classes

Sport and General

To-day, Wednesday, brings a gathering of special sporting interest: the Scottish Gun-Dog Association's annual Championship Show in Edinburgh. Real importance attaches to the awards at this Show, the prestige of which carries far, as is shown by the fact that of the judges, Mr. H. Scott, of Taunton, takes English Springers, Mr. W. H. Edwards, of Exeter, Cockers, Mrs. Bolton, of New Cumnock, Labradors, and Mr. J. W. Marples, of Manchester, other Retrievers. One notes, too, that Alsatians are to be included, and that that keen Dog-fancier, Air Vice-Marshal Lambe, will judge them. There's also a Show at Bromley to-day, and another good one at Tewkesbury on Thursday of next week. So the canine world is well represented these days.

Tastes certainly do differ, almost comically at times. On one and the same day the writer had a letter from a lady correspondent explaining that she could not bring herself to like the increasingly popular Chow Chow, because most of the members of the family she met wore "such an angry, frowning expression" that she suspected them of temper; *and* she noted in *Our Dogs* a paragraph by that journal's Chow correspondent explaining that, whilst the greatly desired "Chow scowl" cannot actually be created, it can be accentuated and made more marked by judicious massaging of the skin from the back of the skull to the front; and that "more than one winner has had its scowl helped by skull massage in infancy." I need hardly add that the famous "Chow scowl" is a mark of good lineage, and no more a sign of bad temper than are the "spectacles" of that other sportsman from Cathay.

AT CRUFT'S L.N.A.

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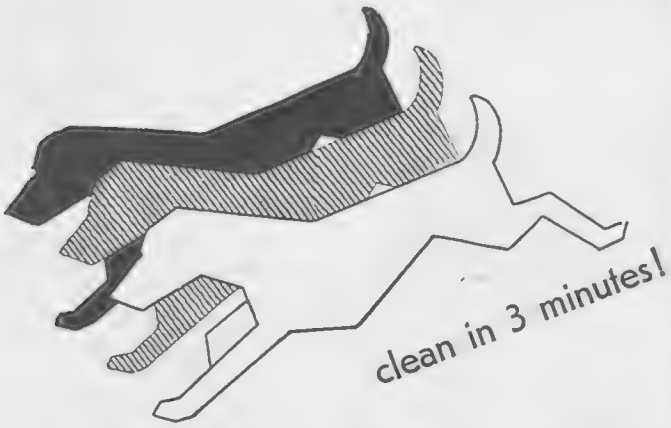

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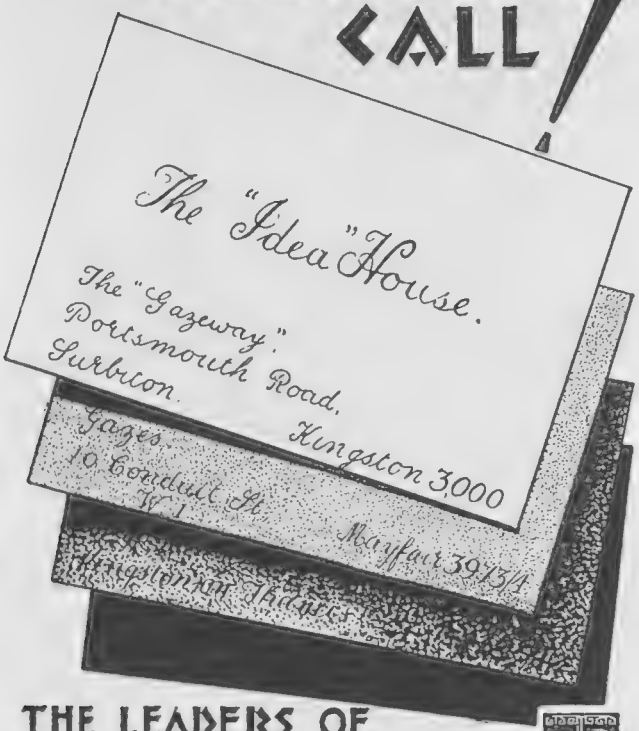

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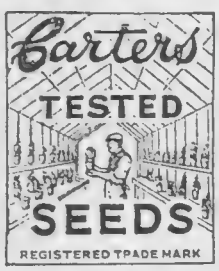

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. . . and in conclusion, this new Ambassador Hat, which I have been honoured to represent, has been introduced at the appropriate time when male attire is seeking to revise, amongst all classes, that consciousness of appearance which has always been the characteristic of the English gentleman."

The Ambassador Hat has been moulded to a range of new styles designed to give the distinction of smart appearance to every type of face and build.

The finest fur felt, dyed to a popular range of unobtrusive colours, and lined for lasting comfort and convenience, gives to this Battersby Hat a texture and quality unapproached.

Ask any good Hatter to assist you in choosing the right "Ambassador" to suit you.

Actual Makers :

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HATTERS *SINCE 1865.*

The **Battersby**

Ambassador

HAT

The distinction you can afford.

M.B.

Are your teeth dulled by FILM?

DAZZLING white teeth mean attractive charming smiles. And *all* teeth are naturally white. If your teeth are dull and cloudy, this is caused by film, say dental authorities.

Film is a slippery, viscous coating that brushing alone will not remove. An ever-present danger to sound teeth and healthy gums. It gets into crevices—and stays. It holds harmful acids that may cause decay.

Scientific research has found a formula which dental authorities support. A special film-removing toothpaste called Pepsodent. Its first act is to curdle that film, which is then removed easily. Harmful acids are neutralized, and teeth become dazzlingly white.

Test Pepsodent for 10 days. See for yourself how harmful film disappears. There is no pumice, no grit or harmful abrasive in Pepsodent. Just a creamy paste that brings a sparkling gleam to teeth. Get a tube of Pepsodent to-day !

Pepsodent TRADE MARK

The Film-Removing Tooth Paste

4010

Fashions Fancies

Underwood Studios

THE NATURAL WAISTLINE COMES TO STAY

Cherry-coloured wool georgette is used for this delightful frock from Walpole Bros., which achieves success through the simplicity of its slender lines. The position of the waistline is accented by an inset tucked band, scalloped empiècements and a double jabot of georgette playing a decorative part

THE TRIUMPH OF BRITISH FABRICS

By Olive Caley Smith

For Every Woman

GREAT interest has been aroused by the scheme evolved by the House of Reville and the Lancashire artificial silk manufacturers whereby copies of exclusive Reville models, carried out in "Martialine," will be available at prices which are moderate in the extreme. They have been specially designed to show this fabric, which closely resembles crêpe de Chine, to the fullest possible advantage. It is manufactured, dyed, and printed in Manchester, in a wide range of entirely new and very striking designs, and a high tribute has been paid to the dresses by Princess Helena Victoria, who expressed her interest in, and approval of, the scheme, and asked Reville's to make her one of their models in this Manchester material. There can be no doubt that British women will be filled with pleasurable anticipation at the prospect of greeting the warm weather in colourful frocks of such distinction.

Tweed and Wool Hats

VISIONS of hard-lined uncompromising country headgear arise when one thinks of hats made in tweed or wool. Yet the new Spring models are as soft as silk, as beautifully coloured as velvet, and as varied as flowers. Closely moulded to the head, and fitting low on the neck, they have small curved brims which leave the brow uncovered, yet cast a soft shadow over the eyes. Altogether they are very like little bonnets, and they are extraordinarily becoming. Their crowns are intricately seamed and stitched and are encircled by neat leather bands. Equally favoured are off-the-forehead caps in loosely knitted woollen fabrics. Extremely smart, though more difficult to wear, these are cut up to a point over the left eye, wing-like flaps projecting at each side. Not only are they considered correct with tweed frocks and suits—they frequently accompany dresses of crêpe de Chine, their sole concession to such formality being a small diamond clip which accents the sloping cut across the front.

The New Spring Shoes

IT is a clever woman who fully appreciates the supreme importance of irreproachable footwear. Not only do they compliment her good taste, but the degree of comfort which characterises them materially affects her looks and her prospect of enjoyment. Like the new dresses, shoes are intricate in workmanship but simple in shape. Sketched at the foot of this page are three examples from Rayne, of 58, New Bond Street. First there is the Doncaster, an ideal model for town walking or fashionable race meetings. Made in black doeskin and calf, it has a brogued tongue, and is thoroughly serviceable. Below it a black python court shoe is cut low in front and has a diminishing effect upon the apparent size of the feet. Lastly, the black crêpe de Chine evening shoe has gold straps fastened with a paste buckle, and is beautifully embroidered with narrow strips of gold, silver, white, and grey kid. It is acompanied by a matching bag—a vogue that has taken Paris by storm.

Furs at Bargain Prices

THE cold spell which has made so belated an appearance has turned every woman's thoughts to fur coats, and in consequence a hurried search for bargains has been instituted. These certainly abound at Fraser Fur Co., 237, Regent Street (on the first floor), where the Winter Sale is still in progress, for the mild weather which has prevailed this winter has caused a large number of the season's models to remain unsold, and these are being offered at greatly reduced prices. Illustrated on this page is a luxurious coat in American broadtail with a huge collar of natural silver fox. The lining of grey satin beauté is decorated with bands of the matt surface of the material, and the price is 79 guineas. Then there are some splendid ponyskin models, as well as others of every variety. An illustrated catalogue will gladly be sent post free on request, a sale discount of 20 per cent. being allowed upon every garment contained therein.

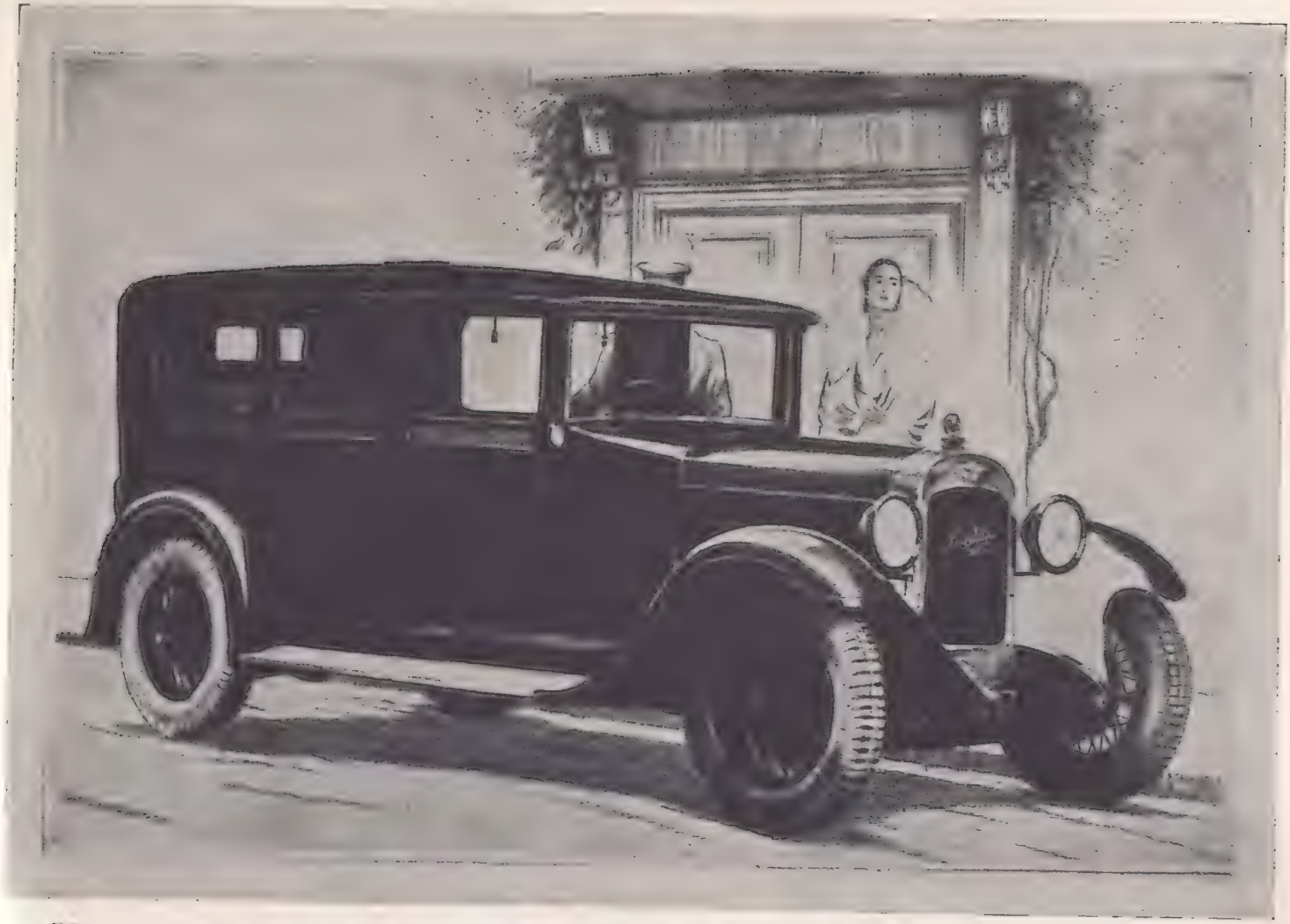
A very lovely coat of American broadtail from the Fraser Fur Co. The luxurious collar is of silver fox. The day and evening shoes come from Rayne of New Bond Street, the latter being accompanied by a matching bag

BY VERNON WARD

CHESTNUTS

SOME OF THE DECORATIONS IN "THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT"

Miss Helen Burnell (centre), who was at one time a Ziegfeld Folly, singing "My Heart is Saying" aided and abetted by the comely chorus in the popular revue at the Adelphi Theatre. "The House that Jack Built" is packed with residents at every performance



From a dry point by Ian MacKinnon.

IN THE FINE CAR WORLD—THE EMBODIMENT OF ALL THINGS DESIRABLE

To appeal to the connoisseur, a car must do more than conform to the presupposed standards of its class.

Mention of its name must bespeak a car of accepted rank and acknowledged pedigree. Possession must signify the social standing of its owner . . . must reflect his accustomed use of nothing but the best. Its dependability must be such that trouble is conspicuous by its absence—year in, year out.

These are the attributes which are sought by those whose choice of a particular car is determined by their discernment of its finer qualities.

Such people are owners of the Austin Twenty. For they have found that they can depend upon it to be and to remain the embodiment of all things desirable in the fine car world.

A telephone call to the nearest Austin dealer will bring a demonstration model to your door. Literature on request.

£630

The Austin Twenty Ranelagh Limousine

The Ranelagh Limousine or Landaulet on long wheel base—an owner or chauffeur-driven car—accommodates seven people in comfort. Upholstered in leather, furniture hide or moquette (driver's seat in leather). Biflex magnetic dip and switch headlights. Electric wiper. Triplex glass all round. Chromium plated external fittings. Wire wheels. Dunlop Tyres.

"As dependable as an Austin."

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MOTOR NOTES

"COMMUNITY" TOURING DE LUXE

By E. M. Wright

A fleet of Renault cars have been placed by Messrs. Renault at the disposal of the Delegates to the Naval Conference. M Briand is seen entering his car outside the Carlton Hotel

BY a curious coincidence it happened that just after my article for last week's issue on motoring "South for Sunshine," had been whisked off to the printers there arrived in the office a letter describing the most fascinating way of following the advice I had just been giving! It was from Daimler Hire, Ltd., and told me that this famous concern is inaugurating a new venture in inclusive Continental touring, to be called "Daimlerways." In brief, these tours will be motoring holidays de luxe. I hesitate to recommend the service to the hustling globe-trotter bent on "doing" six or seven countries in as many days. But if you want a pleasant fortnight or three weeks on the Continent, and are content to enjoy each day's run for its own sake, without attempting to "do" every sight en route, these tours should appeal to you. The coach will be waiting at your hotel in the morning and will land you at the door of another in the evening, and throughout the journey the countryside will unfold itself in an ever-changing panorama. What could be more comfortable? It is the leisurely "grand tour" of the coaching days, but with none of its discomforts.

***

THE vehicles used are luxurious saloon coaches on the latest Daimler C.F.6 (six-cylinder) chassis. Each is provided with fifteen armchair seats, and every effort has been made to study the comfort of the passengers. As to where you can go, Daimlerways have mapped out tours lasting a fortnight or three weeks, and the itineraries cover most of the interesting parts of Europe. The Riviera service, for instance, leaves London every Saturday, and six days' easy touring will bring you to Nice, whence coaches leave on the return journey every Sunday. Couriers accompany each coach to look after passengers' comfort, but I am assured that they are of a type far removed from that caricatured by *Punch* since the earliest days of the charabanc. Suffice it to say that they render valuable service unobtrusively. The average cost of a tour, I should add, is round about 3 guineas a day, which includes all expenses *and tips*, by no means exorbitant.

***

OF course, I am not going to pretend that this is my ideal motoring holiday. To my mind the ideal is one in which you set out in a large, fast car, with a chauffeur, if you do not want to be bothered with looking after the equipage, or without—just as you like. But how many of us possess large, luxurious cars? And for Continental touring I must lay stress on the word "large." It is all very well in England to speak of motoring tours in "babies" or 12 h.p. "adolescents"; but for runs averaging 300 or 400 miles a day these small cars are by no means ideal. On the contrary, they can be decidedly uncomfortable, especially on Continental roads. In short, there are times when it is worth an owner-driver's while to sink to the level of becoming a mere passenger. He may suffer some loss of pride, but he will gain in comfort and convenience. And, after all, it is rather pleasant to feel that you have no responsibilities whatever. Leave the driver to find the right road. Leave it to someone to arrange where you shall lunch, and where you shall spend the night. And, above all, leave it to someone else to settle up the bills. You have only to enjoy yourself.

A CARDINAL'S FIAT

This six-cylinder Fiat is Cardinal Schuster's, seen inside the Vatican. His Holiness the Pope and many of his Cardinals have Fiat cars

Beating the "Blue Train"

EVEN the "Blue Train" can be beaten on its run from the Riviera to Calais, as was demonstrated the other day when three Englishmen raced a Rover Light Six against this famous express—and won handsomely. One of a party of four, who had been touring in the South of France, had little faith in the alleged speed of the car. The owner promptly accepted a wager that he could not beat the train to Calais; and so one day the challenger took a ticket for Calais, and said "good-bye" to his friends on the platform of St. Raphael. As the "Blue Train" steamed out of the station the three motorists dashed to their car and set off in pursuit.

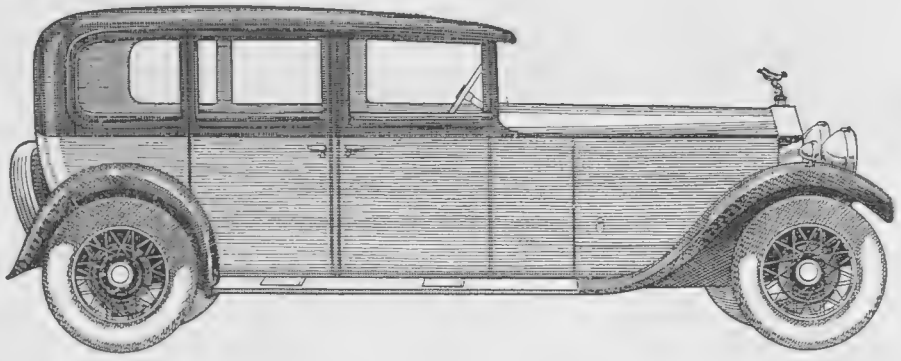
***

ON an early section of the route the road runs parallel with the railway. Here the car actually drew level with the train and had a neck-and-neck race with it. When it looked as if the car would win it was defeated by a level crossing, which was closed to the car and allowed the express to get ahead. After that the train was seen no more. Level crossings delayed the motorists time and again—40 minutes in all were lost on this account—and fog, rain, and even water-logged roads were encountered. The "Blue Train" was dead on time at Calais—but the British car had arrived there with its passengers 20 minutes earlier! That a car should be able to beat an express over a run of 800 miles, mainly in the darkness, would have been surprising enough had a stripped

(*Continued on p.* iv)

ROLLS-ROYCE

The Best Car in the World



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HOOPER & Co.

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AGENTS FOR ALL LEADING CARS.

Motor-Body-Builders and Coachbuilders.

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HIS MAJESTY THE KING. H.R.H. PRINCESS MARY

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54, ST. JAMES'S ST., PICCADILLY, LONDON, S.W.1

Kennington Service.

MOTOR NOTES (continued from page ii)

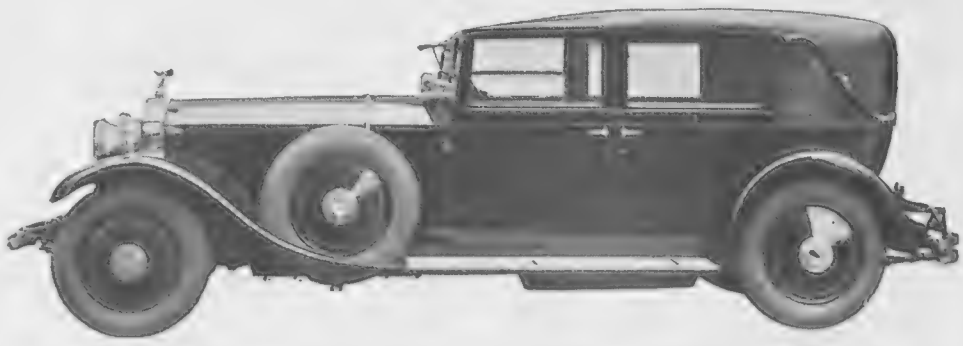
racing model been used. That it should be possible with a saloon costing little over £300 is an amazing proof of the efficiency of the modern motor car.

Rally Results

BRITISH cars did not do quite so well in this year's Monte Carlo Rally as had been hoped—not that there was anything wrong with the cars, but the rules and regulations for the apportionment of marks are rather peculiar. Although no British competitor secured a "place" in the Rally itself, seldom have such epic feats of endurance been performed as by some of the contingent of our fellow-countrymen. The redoubtable D. M. Healey, in a Triumph Seven saloon, averaged nearly 30m.p.h. from Tallinn, over 2,000 miles distant, with three up, spades and equipment. This nightmare of a journey involved four days and nights continuous driving. Although Healey appears only seventh in the list, there was less than one point dividing the first ten, the winner receiving 320.658 marks and the tenth 319.880 marks. Healey himself was but 0.660 of a mark behind the first man. The second best British competitor was the Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce (Hillman), placed 21st, and the next, Mr. A. H. Pass (Sunbeam), 31st.

Austin Service

AN interesting feature of the service offered owners of Austin Seven cars at the London Service Depôt, North Row, Oxford Street, is that the different operations are all classified according to the scope of the work to be done and catalogued by a number which indicates the standard charge. For instance, if you want to have your car greased and oiled, washed and polished, and to have the tyres tested regularly each week, you specify operation No. 76. The figures represent the cost in shillings and pence, namely, 7*s.* 6*d.* If you have no regular contract and just leave your car occasionally the same job is known as operation No. 106, the cost then being 10*s.* 6*d.* There are no extra charges, and the catalogue will tell you whether the job can be done within the day or not. The works are open from 8 a.m. to 6 p.m., but cars can be received or collected at any time of the day or night.



A handsome Barker Sedancalette de Ville fitted to one of the latest Rolls-Royce Phantom II chassis. The extension over the driver can fold back and the rear part of the hood drops as in a landaulette type

One Touch of Beauty

IN the course of my travels I come across many exceptional garages and filling stations that deserve favourable mention, as well as others of the opposite kind. It is not often, however, that one has the space to refer to individual examples. But I feel that an exception should be made in the case of the Milford Petrol Station, situated near the busy road junction of that name on the London-Portsmouth road some miles south of Godalming. Here the equipment is comprehensive and the service smart. A praiseworthy attempt has been made to harmonise the exterior with its picturesque surroundings. A café is included; and altogether the station embodies many features that could be copied with advantage by other establishments of the kind on main roads. Nevertheless, I fear that this is rather too much to expect.

E. M. W.

Messrs. Hudson Essex Motors, Ltd., Manufacturers of—

ESSEX

the CHALLENGER

USE and *EXCLUSIVELY* RECOMMEND . .

Essex the Challenger 4-door Sedan - £275
complete with Bumpers, four Hydraulic Shock Absorbers, Radiator Shutters, Electric Petrol and Oil Gauge, Chromium Plating, Bendix Four Wheel Brakes.

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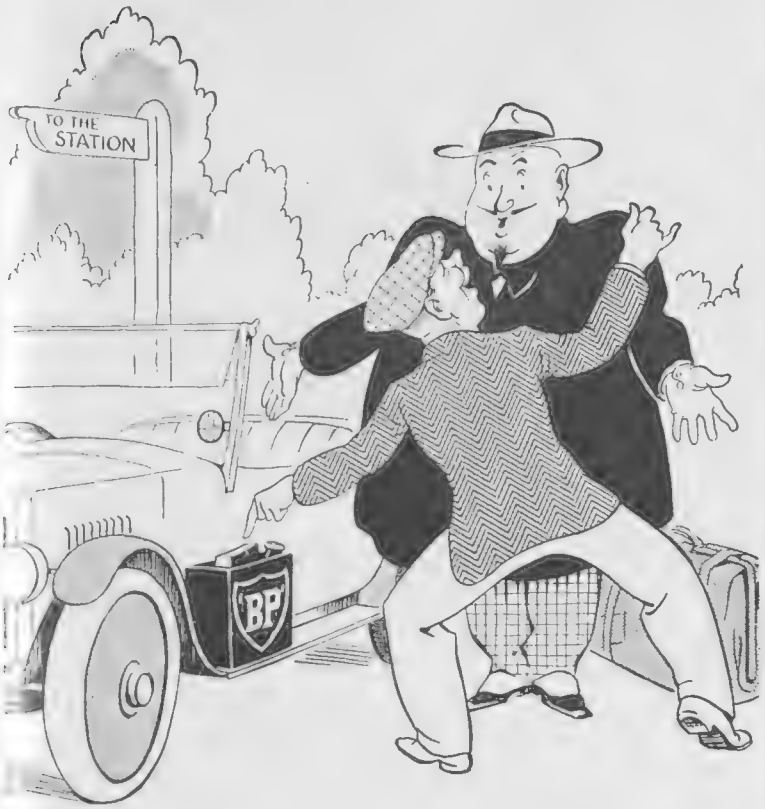
Popular Phrases Illustrated

Taking the Count



"Mais non!" cried the Count, "I can see
Your baby vill nevaire take me!"
But later he cried
"Wiz 'BP' inside
Your baby's a giant! Oui! Oui!"

The New "BP"

Puts new life into your car

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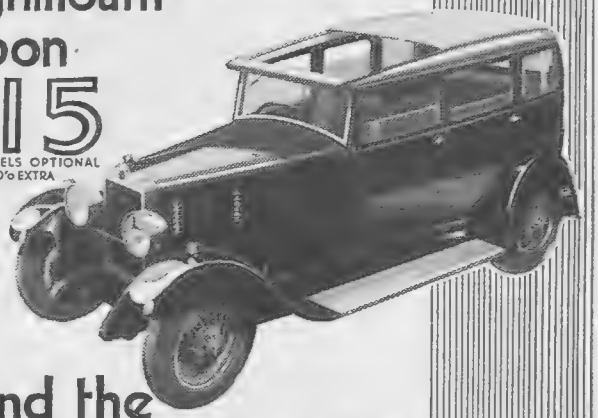
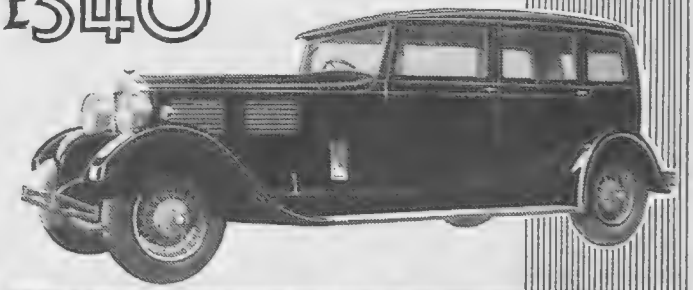


... and the
two litre, six cylinder
ENVOY
£340



The All-British
Standard

The dissipation of energies, whether they be physical or mental, makes a short cut to failure; concentration, on the other hand, leads straight to success.

That is why the Standard Motor Co., Ltd., have decided to concentrate the whole of their organisation on the production of two famous models—the '9' and the 6-cyl. Each of these two models is offered by the manufacturers with supreme confidence, and the demand that each is already enjoying is a clear proof that the public, too, have quickly assessed their merits.

. . . . . but remember, concentration, where the Standard is concerned, does not mean "mass-production"—there will still be that "craftsmanship" construction with every model Standard produced, and which has always been inseparably associated with all Standard cars.

There's interesting literature awaiting any enthusiastic motorist. Drop us a line to-day.

The Standard Motor Co. Ltd., Canley Works, Coventry.

BLAKE FINDS AN INTEREST (*continued from page* 391)

At her tone he turned sharply and met her eyes. Their glances held till his took on a new and slowly dawning, horrified recognition. She nodded.

"I thought you'd remember me," she said. "You'd have remembered before if there hadn't been all this excitement. And of course my uniform made me look different when I was in the car."

He took an involuntary step backward, still staring, and she brought out the next sentence almost with a groan.

"I was driving you when Miss Wayne was killed! How could God put us together on this boat!"

He did not speak. She waited a moment as if she expected him to, and then went on.

"I know how you feel. I heard you say it was my blunder, and then ask your sister why she had a woman for a driver!"

He spoke now very quietly.

"I was off my head" he reminded her. "I remember saying something like that, and feeling that way. It was just after the accident. They all said it wasn't your fault."

"But you thought it was," she pointed out. "You thought so at the time and you think so still."

"I don't know what I think," he muttered.

"You think that if I'd swerved quicker . . . ." Her eyes fell away from him . . . . "And I'm not sure you're not right. That's the horrible thought I can't get rid of day or night."

"But the police cleared you."

"Yes, but the case is coming up again. That's why I got out for a few days—to find nerve to face it. But I didn't get away from the accident. I see it before me every minute. I can't stand it much longer."

Blake nodded silently.

"I'm really a good driver," she went on desperately, "and a careful one. But I don't suppose I'll ever drive again. Anyway, I can't stand seeing Miss Wayne's face before me any longer—I'd rather die, here and now."

Blake smiled. It was a twisted little smile.

"So would I," he agreed. "But it isn't going to be as easy as that. Look."

He had been conscious of an increasing excitement on deck. Now he heard a shout, sudden, high-keyed, hysterical, from the remaining passengers. Mingled with it the hoarse notes of a fog horn came to them through the heavy mist, and the foundering North Star was answering them with strangled bleats.

"I don't want to be saved," she choked. "I *won't* be saved!"

"Oh, yes, you will," Blake said quietly. "And so will I. We haven't anything to say about it, so we've got to stand the gaff. Of course there's a reason for it. Let's make the best of it."

"You think I was to blame," she cried desperately. "You know you do."

He shook his head.

"I'm not thinking anything of the sort," he said speaking very deliberately. "I'm thinking of reconstruction. I can see the whole scene just as it happened. You were in a cul de sac. There was probably no way out. But there's a way out of this mental funk of ours and we've got to find it. If I have to live I'm going to make a decent job of living. How about you? Will you try?"

"I hate to be a quitter," she muttered. "But I'm not even sure I can make a living. I took the job of your sister's chauffeur because I couldn't find anything else."

"What else can you do?"

"Not much. You see I haven't had any training. My father, who was all I had, died last year. He didn't leave a penny. He had sent me to a fashionable school and we always travelled during vacations. I don't know how he managed it."

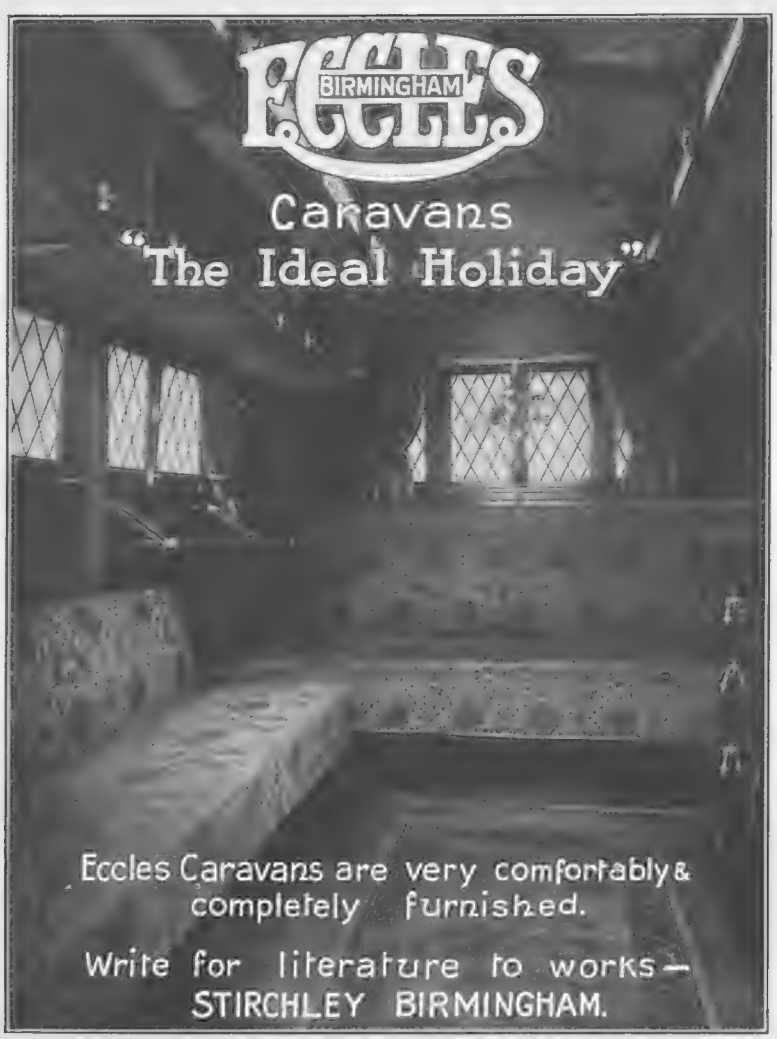
"I'll see that you get work of some sort," he said, and repeated the earlier question in a different form. "Will you try to make good in it?"

She wiped her eyes and nose.

"If you're sure I deserve another chance," she faltered. "If you think so, it must be so."

"I'm sure you do." In the depths of his heavy heart Blake added one of the most fervent prayers of his life. "God help me to get over the bitterness I feel towards her!"

E. J.



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BLANQUETTE DE VOLAILLE.
POMMES FRITS.

CRÈME D'ABRICOTS.

CHICKEN'S LIVER SAVOURY.

CAFÉ. DESSERT.

Tranches de Saumon

TAKE two or three slices (according to numbers) of salmon not quite an inch in thickness and lay them in a marinade composed of oil, salt, lemon-juice and herbs for an hour. Then place the slices of salmon on an oiled gridiron and broil over a clear fire or gas grill. Serve with the following sauce: Prepare some mayonnaise sauce, adding to it a small quantity of French or ordinary mustard, a few minced gherkins, a teaspoonful of anchovy essence, and a small quantity of chopped chives or spring onions. This sauce is served cold.

The menu of an appetising supper recently served at the Piccadilly Hotel

Blanquette de Volaille

MAKE a good white sauce with butter and milk or white stock, and then add some chicken cut into rounds; season, add a little chopped parsley and a strip of lemon-peel, and let it stew gently for an hour. Dish the meat in the centre of a small hot dish, beat up an egg with a little lemon-juice and cream, and add a spoonful of the gravy. Then stir it into the rest of the gravy. Stir over the fire, but do not allow to boil, or it will curdle, and pour over the chicken. Garnish with a border of sliced tomatoes or a purée of spinach.

Crème l'Abricots

ONE pint of cream, 6 oz. of castor sugar, one dozen apricots. Put half the cream on to boil in a double boiler; when hot add the sugar, and stir until dissolved. Take from the fire, add the remaining half of the cream, and, when cold, freeze. Mash up the apricots and stir them quickly into the frozen cream, turn the crank of the ice machine rapidly for five minutes, then remove the dasher and pack in a basin on ice until wanted.

Chicken's Liver Savoury

POUND the liver of a fowl, mix with it a teaspoonful of made mustard, salt, cayenne, a little anchovy essence, and a little butter; work it into a smooth paste and spread on hot buttered toast. Place it in a very hot oven for a few minutes, garnish with parsley, and serve.

"The Antiquary"
FINE OLD SCOTCH LIQUEUR WHISKY
Cream of Scotland

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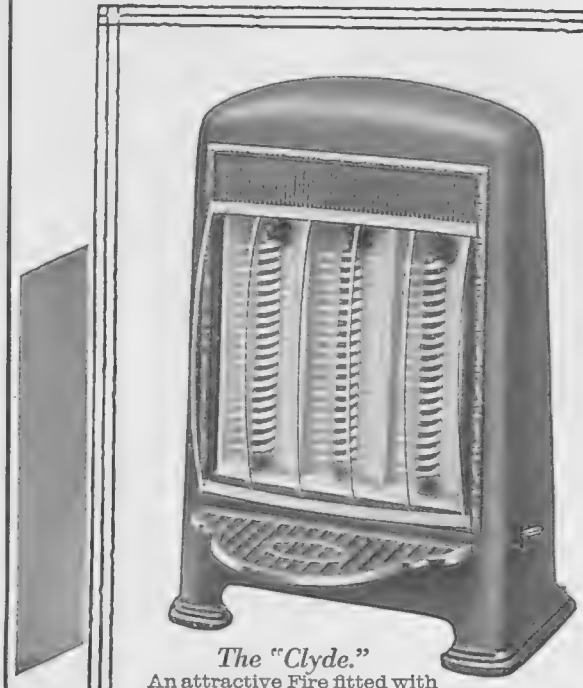

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An attractive Fire fitted with a neat and serviceable trivet.
PRICES FROM £3 15 0

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Made from pure glycerine and the fresh juice of ripe black currants they are delightfully soothing.

Allenburys Glycerine & Black Currant PASTILLES

Your Chemist sells them

8° & 1/3 Per Box

THE EDITOR'S BOX

The Lighter Side of War

One of the most popular best-sellers these days is the recent publication of *The Best 500 Cockney War Stories*. Full of true British humour, these anecdotes come as a great change from the everlasting War memoirs that deal only with the horrors and struggles of the past. From the first story by Sir Ian Hamilton onwards the reader is both thrilled and amused. Not only is there a wide selection of witty remarks, but also some of the antics of the Tommy beggar. description. Wherever one may choose to open the book it is impossible to read far without coming across something that will provoke laughter. In addition, a word must be said about the clever illustrations by Bert Thomas, the well-known artist. These lend distinction to the series and make the whole collection a source of constant amusement. Published by the Associated Newspapers, Ltd., a copy can be bought for 2*s.* 6*d.*, and the profits are being entirely devoted to the funds of the British Legion.

A Chance for Stamp Collectors

One of the most fascinating things about stamp collecting is the sudden jump which sometimes occurs in the value of certain stamps. Specimens, seemingly quite common, will leap into the category of "rare" almost overnight, with a correspondingly spectacular increase in their cash value. Actually, all stamps tend to increase in value the longer they are kept. No matter how meagre a collection may be considered, it is safe to predict that within twenty or thirty years its value will have increased enormously. And if the collection is a large one this increase in value may easily represent quite a considerable sum of money. A vast collection of Colonial and foreign stamps is now being distributed by Messrs. Carreras, Ltd., who are enclosing two stamps with each packet of ten Turf cigarettes. Even those who are not interested in stamps as stamps might do worse than collect as many as they can of these and save them as a sort of heirloom.

Professor Frenzel, Germany's leading authority on commercial art. He is the founder and editor of the "Gebrauchsgraphik," the authority on art in advertisement, and has just joined the Berlin staff of the well-known publicity firm, W. S. Crawford, Ltd.

Success in Advertisement

Those connected in any way with the world of advertising will be interested to hear that in the recent International Exhibition, Barcelona, the first prize and gold medal were awarded to the Spanish house of Rudolphe Mosse—international advertising agents—for the successful handling of exhibition propaganda throughout the world. In these days there cannot be too much importance attached to publicity, and as the competition is indeed strenuous there is all the more credit due to the winners.

"A Temple of Health"

Olympia, from July 16 to 26, 1930, will be transformed into a gigantic "Temple of Health," resplendent in vigour and vitality, the genesis of a great national campaign, constructive in character, for a higher standard of health and happiness. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales has graciously consented to become the patron of the exhibition. The idea is replete with physical possibilities, and the vast arena at Olympia will be the scene of its fullest expression. That entire place will surge with life, and there will be stage contests as thrilling as an Athenian arena. The organisation of the exhibition has been undertaken by *The Daily Chronicle*, who are responsible for the idea, an idea which has captured the imagination and secured the interest of the Prime Minister, the Ministers for War, Air, and Health, and the First Lord of the Admiralty. The co-operation of the British Charities Association has been obtained, and the support of the medical profession officially given through the medium of the president of the Royal College of Surgeons. Any profits accruing will be distributed among the voluntary hospitals by the British Charities Association. It is an exhibition for all, of interest to every class, and its appeal is universal.

By Appointment Hard Lawn

Tennis Court Makers to H.M. The King

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United States Agents: H. A. ROBINSON & Co., Inc., 128 Water St., New York.
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tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired—brown, dark-brown, light-brown, or black. It's permanent and washable, has no grease and does not burn the hair. It is used by over a million people. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. Of all Chemists, Stores, and Hairdressers. **2/6** or direct—

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Size for 2 years.	18 ins.	**75/9**
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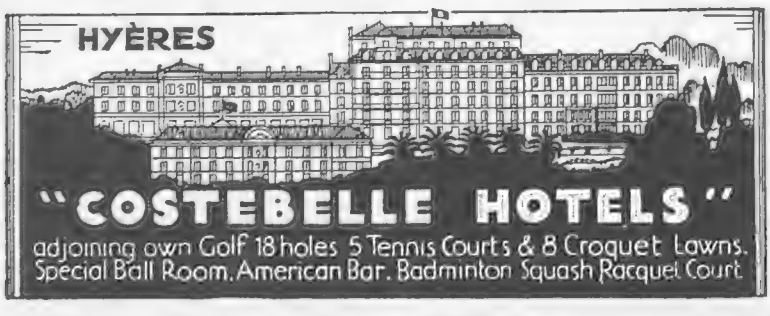

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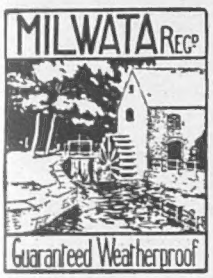

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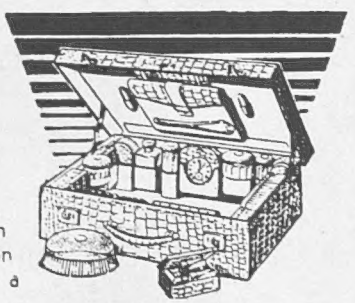

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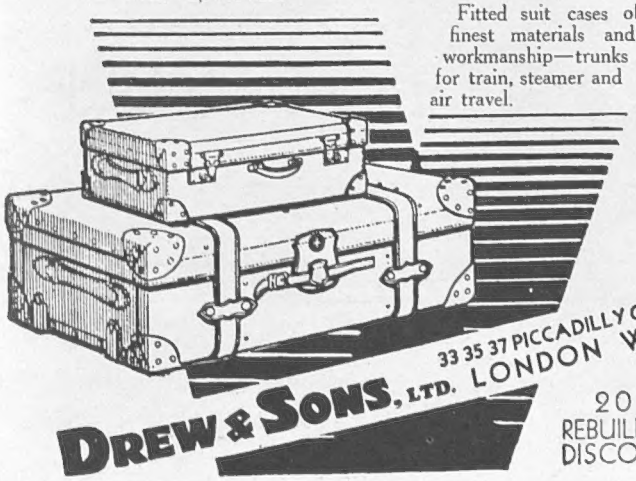

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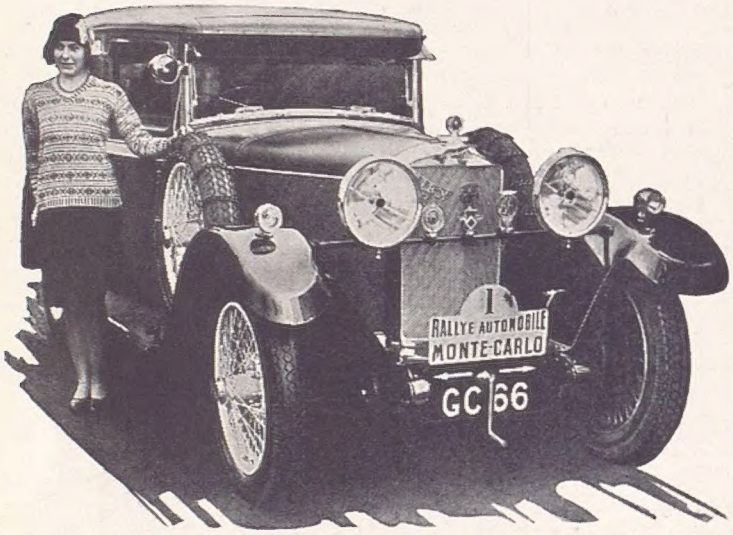

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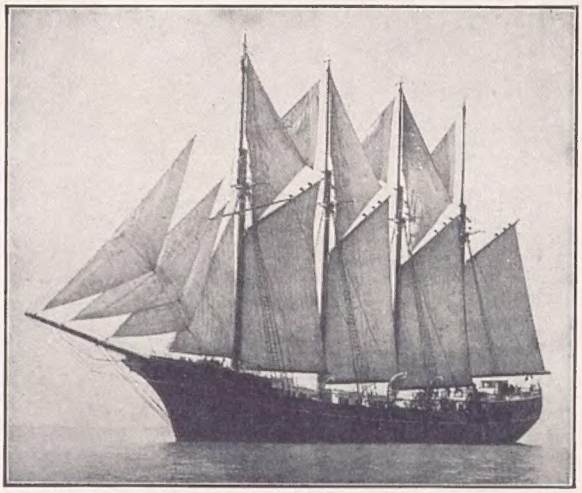

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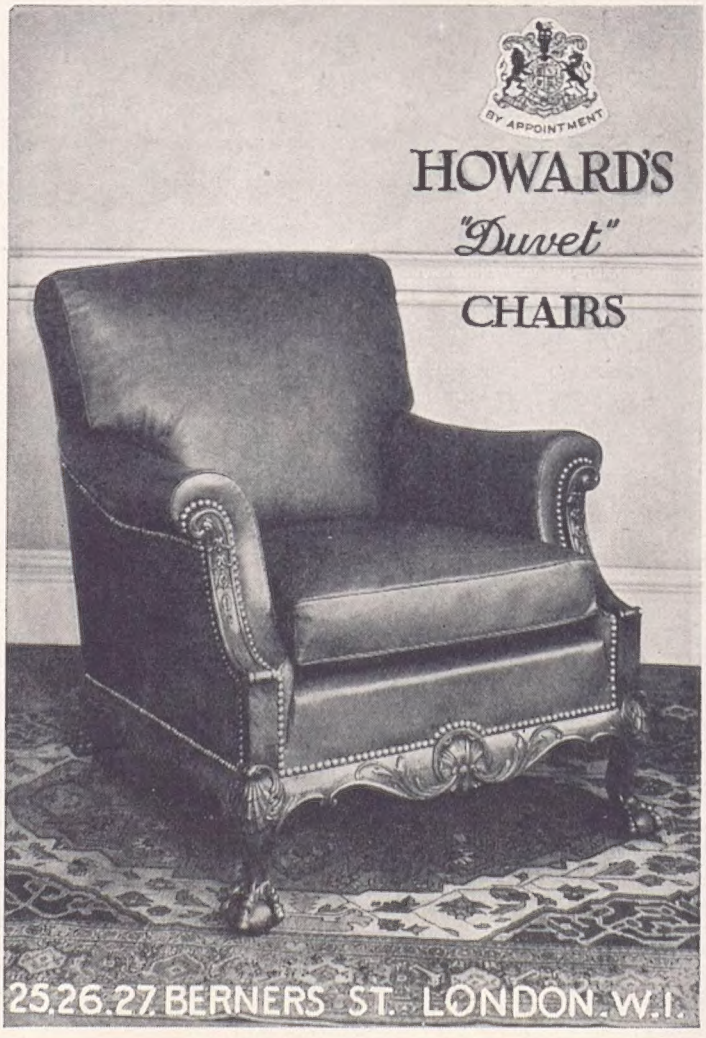

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